THE POLITE ARTS, OR, A DISSERTATION ON POETRY, PAINTING, &c.

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OR

DISSERTATION

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POLITE ARTS,

OR, A

DISSERTATION

ON

Poetry,
Painting,
Muſick,
||
Architecture,
and
Eloquence.

——— *Ingenuas didiciſſe fideliter Artes*
Emollit Mores, nec ſinit eſſe feros.
OVID.

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DEDICATION.

TO

William Cheſelden, Eſq;

SIR,

IT is a Fault peculiar to People who have received the greateſt Favours, never to think themſelves enough obliged: I, who have reaped the higheſt a Ad-

Advantages, and received ſo many Obligations from you, ſtill requeſt and expect another, that of prefixing your great Name to the following Performance.

The World, 'tis true, will think me very daring thus to offer my Work to ſo eminent a Gentleman, whom the celebrated *Voltaire*, in his *Elements of Newton's Philoſophy*, ſays, poſſeſſes *les plus grandes Lumiers de l'Eſprit*, the greateſt Brightneſs of Underſtanding. I confeſs I am very daring, but I know alſo that you are very good natured.

I had

I had determined from the Time of beginning this Diſſertation, to make a publick Dedication of it to you; but ſtill feared (and ſurely with great Reaſon) that the Work would not be found at all worthy of ſo diſtinguiſhed a Patron. When I ſay diſtinguiſhed, I mean as much for your Taſte in the *Belles Lettres*, as for Knowledge in your own Profeſſion. I conſidered your great, your profound Penetration in the Arts here treated of; I reflected on the elegant Sentiments I have heard flow from you on each of them; I recollected your

many ſevere, but juſt Criticiſms, and trembled at the Thoughts of reading my Work to you; notwithſtanding I ventured to do it; and by your Behaviour was confirmed in what I had great Reaſon to believe: That among the many high Qualities you enjoy, you poſſeſſed one in a very eminent Degree, I mean *Humanity*; and the exalted Opinion I had of you, joined perhaps to a little Vanity of my own, made me attribute to you another ſhining Quality, and indeed the moſt ſhining of them all, *viz. Truth.*

Permit me, Sir, to ſay, that you ap-

approved my Performance: Permit me to claim the Favour of the Publick, by telling it you praiſed the Work which now preſents itſelf. But let the Determination of the Publick be what it will, I have one Comfort, a great one, I ſhall ſtill have it in my Power, with Pleaſure to cry out, *Lætus ſum laudari a te laudato Viro,*

I am, Sir, with the ſincereſt Reſpect,

Your Moſt Obedient, Obliged,

And Devoted Humble Servant,

THE

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CHAP. I.

INTRODUCTION.

IT is not neceſſary to begin with the Panegyrick of *Arts* in general. Their Advantages ſhew themſelves ſufficiently: the whole Earth is full of them. It is they that have built Cities, that have aſſociated diſperſed Mankind, that have poliſhed, ſoftened and rendered them capable of Society. One kind deſtined to Serve, another to Charm, and ſome to do both at the ſame Time, they are become in ſome ſort a ſecond Order of

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Elements, the Creation of which Nature had reſerved for our own Induſtry.

Let us caſt our Eyes on the Hiſtory of Nations, and we ſhall then ſee Humanity and the ſocial Virtues following the *Polite Arts*. By them *Athens* grew to be the School of Delicacy, and *Rome*, in ſpite of its original Rudeneſs, became polite. It is through them that all Nations, in proportion to the Commerce they had with the Muſes, became more humane, and more ſenſible of the elegant Paſſions.

It is not poſſible that the groſſeſt Eyes, ſeeing every Day Maſter-pieces of Sculpture and Painting, having before them the moſt regular and magnificent Edifices; that Geniuſes, I ſay the leaſt diſpoſed to Virtue and the Graces, after reading Works nobly conceived, and delicately expreſſed, ſhould not catch a certain Habitude of Order, Grandure and Delicacy. If

Hiſtory

Hiſtory makes the moſt eminent Virtues bloom forth; why ſhou'd not the Prudence of *Ulyſſes*, the Valour of *Achilles* kindle the ſame Fire? Why ſhou'd not the Graces of *Anacreon*, *Bion* and *Moſchus* ſoften our Manners? Why ſhou'd not ſo many Objects (where Grandure is united to the graceful) give us the Taſte of what is beautiful, decent and delicate. A Man (ſays *Plutarch*) who has learnt *Muſick* from his Infancy, can never miſs having a Taſte for what is good, and conſequently a Hatred of what is bad, even in things that belong not to *Muſick*; he'll never diſhonour himſelf by any Meanneſs. He'll be uſeful to his Country, careful in private Life: all his Actions and Words will be diſcreet, and deſerving the Character of Decency, Moderation and Order.

This is the Progreſs of Taſte: By little and little the Publick are caught by Examples. By ſeeing, they (even without taking notice of it) inſenſibly form themſelves upon what they have ſeen Great Artiſts produce in their Works the moſt elegant Strokes of Nature: Thoſe who have had ſome Education, immediately applaud them; even the common People are ſtruck; *Interdum Vulgus rectum videt.* They apply the Model without thinking of it. They by degrees retrench what is luxuriant in themſelves, and add what is wanting. Their Manners, Diſcourſe, and outward Appearance, all ſeem to be reforming, and this Reformation paſſes even into their Souls. They reſolve that their Thoughts, when they come from them, ſhall appear juſt, natural and proper to merit the Eſteem of other Men. In a word they

they determine that the Polite Man ſhall ſhine forth and ſhew himſelf by a lively and graceful Expreſſion, equally remote from Rudeneſs and Affectation: two Vices as contrary to Taſte in Society, as they are in the *Polite Arts*. For Taſte has every where the ſame Rules. It will, that we eraſe every thing that can give an unlovely Impreſſion, and that we offer all that can produce an agreeable one

CHAP. II.

The Origine and Diviſion of Arts.

ARTS may be divided into three kinds. The firſt have the Neceſſities of Mankind for their Object, whom Nature ſeems to have abandoned to themſelves, as ſoon as they are born: Expoſed to Cold, Hunger, and

a thouſand Evils, Nature has ordained that the Remedies and Preſervatives which are neceſſary for them, ſhou'd be the Price of their own Work and Induſtry. From this the Mechanick Arts aroſe.

The next kind have Pleaſure for their Object. Theſe muſt have taken there Riſe when People began to be bleſt with the Sweets of Tranquility and Plenty: They are called *Polite Arts* by way of Excellency, ſuch are *Muſick*, *Poetry*, *Painting*, *Sculpture*, and the Art of Geſture or Dancing. The third kind are thoſe which have Uſefulneſs and Pleaſure at the ſame time for their Object: Such are *Eloquence* and *Architecture*: Neceſſity firſt produced them, and Taſte gave them their Perfections: They hold a ſort of middle Place between the other two kinds: They ſhare their Uſefulneſs and Pleaſure.

The

The Arts of the firſt kind employ Nature ſuch as ſhe *is*, ſolely for Uſe. Thoſe of the third, poliſh and employ her for Uſe and ſocial Pleaſure. The Polite Arts don't *Employ*, they only *Imitate* her, each in its Way; this wants to be explained, which we ſhall endeavour to do in the next Chapter. Thus Nature alone is the Object of all Arts. It is ſhe that contains all our Wants and all our Pleaſures.

We ſhall treat *here* only of the Polite Arts, that is to ſay, of thoſe whoſe firſt Object is to pleaſe; and to be the better acquainted with them, let us go back to the Cauſe which produced them.

It was Mankind that made Arts, and it was for themſelves they made them. Unſatisfied with too ſcanty an Enjoyment of thoſe Objects which ſimple Nature offered; and finding

themſelves moreover in a Situation capable of receiving Pleaſure, they had Recourſe to their Genius, to procure themſelves a new Order of Ideas and Sentiments, which ſhould awaken their Wit, and enliven their Taſte. But what could this Genius do, thus limited in its Fruitfulneſs and Views, which he could not carry farther than Nature? and having, (on the other hand) to labour for Men whoſe Faculties were confin'd by the ſame Bounds? All his Efforts muſt neceſſarily reduce him to make choice of the moſt beautiful Parts of Nature, to form one exquiſite whole which ſhould be more perfect than mere Nature, without ceaſing however, to be natural. This is the Principle upon which the fundamental Plan of all Arts muſt neceſſarily have been built, and which all the great Artiſts have followed

lowed in every Age of the World. From whence we may conclude,

Firſt, That Genius which is the Father of Arts, ought to imitate Nature. Secondly, That Nature ſhould not be imitated, ſuch as ſhe is. Thirdly, That Taſte, for which Arts are made, and which is their Judge, ought to be ſatisfied, if Nature is well choſen and well imitated by the Arts. Thus all our Rules ſhould tend to eſtabliſh the Imitation of (what we may call) *beautiful Nature.*

CHAP. III.

What is meant by Imitating.

TO imitate, that is to copy a Model. This Word contains two Ideas. 1ſt. The Prototype, or that which contains the Touches to be

imitated. 2d, The Copy which repreſents them. Nature, (that is to ſay, all that is, or that we eaſily conceive as poſſible) is the Prototype or Model of Arts. An induſtrious Imitator muſt have his Eyes always fixt upon her, and be always conſidering her: And why? Becauſe it contains all the Plans of regular Works, and the Deſigns of every Ornament that can pleaſe us. Arts do not create their own Rules: they are independant of their Caprice, and invariably traced in the Example of Nature.

What is then the Function of Arts? It is to tranſport thoſe Touches which are in Nature, and to preſent them in Objects to which they are not natural. It is thus, that the Statuary's Chizzle ſhows or produces a Hero in a Block of Marble. The Painter, by his Light and Shade, makes viſible Ob-

Objects ſeem to project from the Canvas: The Muſician, by artificial Sounds, makes the Tempeſt roar, whilſt all is quiet around us; and the Poet too, by his Invention, and by the Harmony of his Verſes, fills our Minds with counterfeit Images, and our Hearts with fictitious Sentiments, often more charming than if they were true and natural. From whence I conclude, that Arts are only Imitations, Reſemblances which are not really Nature, but ſeem to be it; and that thus the Matter of the polite Arts is not the *true*, but only the *probable*. This Conſequence is important enough to be explained and proved immediately, by the Application.

Painting is an Imitation of viſible Objects. It has nothing that is real, nothing that is true, and its Perfections depends only from its Reſemblance with Reality.

Muſick and *Dancing* may very well regulate the Tones and Geſtures of an Orator in his Pulpit, or of a Citizen who tells a Story in Converſation; but 'tis not properly in thoſe Reſpects that they are called Arts. They may alſo wander, one into little Caprices, where the Sounds break upon one another, with Deſign, the other into Leaps, and fantaſtick Capers: but neither one nor the other are then in their juſt Bounds. To be what they ought to be, they muſt return to Imitation, and become the artificial Portrait of the human Paſſions.

Fiction, finally, is the very Life and Soul of Poetry. In this Art the *Wolf* bears all the Characters of Man powerful and unjuſt; the *Lamb*, thoſe of Innocence oppreſſed. Paſtoral offers us Poetical Shepherds, which are mere Reſemblances or Images. Comedy draws the Picture of an Ideal Miſer,

on

on whom all the Characters of rea Avarice are beſtowed.

Tragedy is not properly Poetry, but in that which it feigns by Imitation. *Cæſar* has had a Quarrel with *Pompey*, this is not *Poetry*, but *Hiſtory*. But if Actions, Diſcourſes, Intrigues are invented, all after the Ideas which Hiſtory gives us of the Characters and Fortune of *Cæſar* and *Pompey*; this is what may be called Poetry, becauſe it is the Work of Genius and Art.

The *Epick* too, is only a Recital of probable Actions, repreſented with all the Characters of Exiſtence. *Juno* and *Æneas* neither ſaid nor did what *Virgil* attributes to them; but they *might* have ſaid or done it, and that's enough for Poetry. It is one perpetual Fiction graced with all the Characters of Truth.

Thus

Thus every Art in all that is truly artificial in it, is only an imaginary Thing, a feigned Being copied and imitated from true ones. It is for this Reaſon, that Art is always put in Oppoſition to Nature: That we hear it every where ſaid, that we muſt imitate Nature: That Art is perfect when ſhe is well repreſented: And in ſhort, that all Maſter-pieces of Art are thoſe where Nature is ſo well imitated, that they ſeem Nature herſelf.

And this Imitation, for which we have all ſo natural a Diſpoſition, ſince it is Example which inſtructs and governs Mankind, *vivimus ad exempla*, this Imitation, I ſay, is one of the principal Springs of that Pleaſure which Arts occaſion in us. The Mind exerciſes it ſelf in comparing the Model with the Picture; and the Judgment it gives, is ſo much the more

more agreeable, as it is a Proof of its own Knowledge and Penetration.

CHAP. IV.

That it is not ſimple Nature that muſt be imitated.

Genius and *Taſte* have ſo intimate a Connection in Arts, that there are Caſes where they cannot be united, without ſeeming to confound one another, nor ſeparated, without almoſt taking away their Functions. This is the Caſe *here*, where 'tis impoſſible to ſay what a Genius ought to do in imitating Nature, without ſuppoſing Taſte to be his Guide.

Ariſtotle compares Poetry with Hiſtory: Their Difference, according to him, is not in the *Form*, or *Stile*,

Stile, but in the very Nature of the Things. But how ſo? Hiſtory only paints what *has* happened, Poetry what *might* have happened. One is tied down to *Truth*, it creates neither Actions nor Actors. The other regards nothing but the *Probable*: It invents: It deſigns at its own Pleaſure, and paints only from the Brain. Hiſtory gives Examples, ſuch as they *are*, often imperfect. The Poet gives them ſuch as they *ought to be*. And it is for this Reaſon, according to the ſame Philoſopher, that Poetry is a much more inſtructive Leſſon than Hiſtory. Διὸ καὶ φιλοσοφώτερον, καὶ σπουδαιότερον ποιήσις ἱστορίας ἐστὶν, Poet. Cap. 9.

Upon this Principle, we muſt conclude, that if Arts are Imitations of Nature, they ought to be bright and lively Imitations, that do not copy her ſervilely; but in chuſing Objects,

re-

repreſents them with all the Perfections they are capable of, always taking Care, that in ſuch Compoſitions, the Parts have a proper Relation to one another; otherwiſe the whole may be abſurd, whilſt every ſingle Part taken ſeparately remains beautiful. In a Word, Imitations where Nature is ſeen, not ſuch as ſhe really *is*, but ſuch as ſhe *may* be, and ſuch as may be conceived in the Mind.

What did *Zeuxis* do when he would paint a perfect Beauty? Did he draw the Picture of any particular fine Woman? No: He gathered together the ſeparate Features of ſeveral Beauties who were then alive. Then he formed in his Mind, an Idea that reſulted from all theſe Features united: And this Idea was the Prototype, or Model of his Picture, which was probable and poetical in the

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the whole, and was true and hiſtorical only in the Parts taken ſeparately. And this is what every Painter does, when he repreſents the Perſons he paints with more Beauty and Grace than they really have. This is an Example given to all Artiſts: This is the Road they ought to go, and 'tis the Practice of every great Maſter, without Exception.

When *Moliére* wanted to paint a *Man-Hater*, he did not ſearch for an Original, of which his Character ſhould be an exact Copy: He had then made but a Picture, a Hiſtory: He had then inſtructed but by Halves. But he collected every Mark, every Stroke of a gloomy Temper, that he could obſerve amongſt Men. To this he added all that the Strength of his own Genius could furniſh him of the ſame Kind; and from all theſe Hints, well connected, and well laid

ou

out, he drew a ſingle Character, which was not the Repreſentation of the True, but of the Probable. His Comedy was not the Hiſtory of *Alceſtes*, but his Picture of *Alceſtes* was the Hiſtory of Man-Hatred taken in general. And by *this* Means he has given much better Inſtruction, than a ſcrupulous Hiſtorian could poſſibly have done, by only relating ſome ſtrictly true Strokes of a real *Miſanthrope*.

It was a Saying among the Antients, that *Such a Thing is beautiful as a Statue.* And it is in the ſame Senſe that *Juvenal*, to expreſs all the poſſible Horrors of a Tempeſt, calls it, a *Poetical Tempeſt.*

Omnia fiunt
Talia, tàm graviter, ſi quando Poëtica *ſurgit*
Tempeſtas. Sat. 12.

Theſe

Theſe Examples are ſufficient to give a clear and diſtinct Idea of what we call *Beautiful Nature.* It is not the Truth that does exiſt, but that Truth which may exiſt; *Beautiful Truth*, which is repreſented, as if it really exiſted, and with all the Perfections it can receive.

The Quality of the Object makes no Difference. Let it be a *Hydra* or *Miſer*, an *Hypocrite*, or a *Nero*, if they are well drawn, and repreſented with all the fine Touches that belong to them, we ſtill ſay, that *Beautiful Nature* is there painted. It matters not whether it be the *Furies* or the *Graces.*

This does not hinder, however, that Truth and Reality may be made Uſe of by the *Polite Arts.* It is thus that the Muſes expreſs themſelves in *Heſiod.*

Ἴδμεν

Ἰδμεν ψεύδεα πολλὰ λέγειν ἐτομείσιν ὁμόια,
Ἰδμεν δ' εὖτ', ἐθελῶμεν ἀληθέα μυθησάσθαι.

'Tis ours to ſpeak the Truth in Language Plain,
Or give the Face of Truth to what we Feign.

If an hiſtorical Fact was found ſo well work'd up, as to be fit to ſerve for a Plan to a Poem, or a Piece of Painting; Poetry and Painting too would immediately employ it as ſuch, and wou'd on the other hand make uſe of their Privileges, in inventing *Circumſtances*, *Contracts*, *Situations*, &c. When *Le Brun* painted the Battles of *Alexander*, he found in Hiſtory, the Facts, the Actors and the Scene of Action; but notwithſtanding this, what noble Invention! what a Glow of Poetry in his Work! The Diſpoſi-

tions,

tions, Attitudes, Expreſſions of Paſſions, all theſe remained for his own Genius to create. There, Art built upon the Baſis of Truth, and this truth ought to be ſo elegantly mixt with the feigned, as to form one whole of the ſame Nature.

Atque ita Mentitur, ſic veris falſa remiſcet,
Primo ne Medium, Medio ne diſcrepet imum.

CHAP. V.

In what Situation a Genius ought to be to imitate Nature.

THE moſt fruitful Geniuſes do not always feel the Preſence of the Muſes. *Shakeſpear*, who was born a Poet,

Poet, fell into the moſt ſhameful Meaneſſes. *Milton* ſometimes cools, He does not always

——————*ſoar*
Above the Aonian Mount.

And not to ſpeak of *Statius*, *Claudian*, and many more who have experienced the Returns of Languor and Feebleneſs; does not *Horace* ſay, that *Homer* himſelf ſometimes ſlumbers, even in the midſt of his Gods and Heroes? There are then certain happy Moments for Geniuſes, when the Soul, as if filled with Fire divine, takes in all Nature, and ſpreads upon all Objects that heavenly Life that animates them, thoſe engaging Strokes that warm and raviſh us.

This Situation of the Soul is called *Enthuſiaſm*, a Word which all the World underſtands, and which hardly

ly any one has defined. The Ideas which moſt Authors give of it, ſeem rather to come from an enraptured Imagination filled with Enthuſiaſm itſelf, than from a Head that thinks and reflects cooly. At one Time it is a Celeſtial Viſion, a divine Influence, a Prophetick Spirit: At another, it is an Intoxication, an Extaſy, a Joy mixed with Trouble, and Admiration in the Preſence of the Divinity. Was their Deſign to elevate the polite Arts by this emphatical Way of ſpeaking, and to hide from the Profane the Myſteries of the Muſes?

But let thoſe, who ſeek to enlighten their Ideas, deſpiſe this Allegorick Pomp that blinds them. Let them conſider Enthuſiaſm as a Philoſopher conſiders great Men, without any Regard to the vain Shew that ſurrounds them.

The Spirit which inſpires excellent Authors when they compoſe, is like that which animates Heroes in Battle.

Sua cuique Deus fit dira Cupido.

In the one 'tis a Boldneſs, and a natural Intrepidity, provoked by the Preſence even of Danger itſelf. In the others 'tis a great Fund of Genius, a juſt and exquiſite Wit, a fruitful Imagination; and above all, a Heart filled with noble Fire, and which eaſily acts at the Sight of Objects. Theſe privileged Souls receive ſtrongly the Impreſſion of thoſe Things they conceive, and never fail to reproduce them, adorned with new Beauty, Force and Elegance.

This is the Source and Principle of Enthuſiaſm. We may already perceive what muſt be the Effect with

regard to the Arts which imitate Nature. Let us call back the Example of *Zeuxis*. Nature has in her Treaſures all thoſe Images of which the moſt beautiful Imitations can be compoſed: they are like Sketches in the Painters Tablets. The Artiſt, who is eſſentially an Obſerver, views them, takes them from the Heap, and aſſembles them. He compoſes from theſe a compleat Whole, of which he conceives an Idea that fills him, and is at the ſame Time both bright and lively. Preſently his Fire glows at the Sight of the Object: He forgets himſelf: his Soul paſſes into the Things he creates: He is by Turns *Cæſar*, *Brutus*, *Macbeth*, and *Romeo*. It is in theſe Tranſports that *Homer* ſees the Chariots and Courſes of the Gods, that *Virgil* hears the diſmal Screams of *Phlegyas* in the infernal Shades: And that each of

of them diſcovers Things which are no where to be found, and which notwithſtanding are true.

——*Poeta cum Tabulas cepit ſibi,*
Quærit quod nuſquam eſt gentium, reperit tamen.

'Tis for the ſame Effect that this Enthuſiaſm is neceſſary for *Painters* and *Muſicians*. They ought to forget their Situation, and to fancy themſelves in the midſt of thoſe Things they would repreſent. If they would paint a Battle, they tranſport themſelves in the ſame Manner as the Poet, into the Middle of the Fight: They hear the Claſh of Arms, the Groans of the Dying: They ſee Rage, Havock and Blood. They rouſe their own Imaginations, till they find themſelves moved, diſtreſſed, frighted: Then, *Deus ecce Deus.* Let them write or paint, it is a God that inſpires them

——— *Bella horrida Bella,*
Et Tybrim multo ſpumantem Sanguine
Cerno.

'Tis what *Cicero* calls, *Mentis viribus excitari, divino Spiritu afflari.* This is Poetick Rage: This is Enthuſiaſm: This is the God that the Poet invokes in the Epick, that inſpires the Heroe in *Tragedy*, that transforms himſelf into the ſimple Citizen in *Comedy*, into the Shepherd in *Paſtoral*, that gives Reaſon and Speech to Animals in the *Apologue* or *Fable*. In ſhort, the God that makes true Painters, Muſicians and Poets.

CHAP. VI.

In what Manner Arts imitate.

HItherto we have endeavoured to ſhew, that the polite Arts conſiſted

ſiſted in Imitation, and that the Object of their Imitation was Nature repreſented to the Mind by Enthuſiaſm. We have nothing more to do, than to ſhew the Manner in which this Imitation is made. And by this Means, we ſhall have the particular Difference of Arts, whoſe common Object is the Imitation of Nature.

Nature may be divided with Regard to the polite Arts into two Parts: One which we take in by the Eyes, and the other by the Miniſtry of the Ears: For the other Senſes are quite barren, with Regard to the polite Arts. The firſt Part is the Object of Painting, which repreſents upon a Plan all that is viſible. It is the Object alſo of Sculpture which repreſents Nature in Relievo; it is the Object likewiſe of the Art of Geſture, which is a Branch of the other two Arts which I juſt now named, and

which differs, in what it includes, only in this, that the Subject to which Geſtures are given in Dancing is natural, and alive, whilſt the Painters Canvas, and the Marble of the Statuary are not ſo.

The ſecond Part is the Object of Muſick, conſidered ſingly, and as a ſimple Tune, bearing the ſecond Place to Poetry, which employs Words, but Words in Metre, and calculated in all its Tones.

Thus Painting imitates Nature by Colours, Sculpture by Relievos, Dancing by the Motions and Attitudes of the Body. Muſick imitates it by inarticulate Sounds, and Poetry by Words in Meaſure. Theſe are the diſtinctive Characters of the principal Arts. And if it ſometimes happens, that thoſe Arts join with one another, and are confounded, as, for

for Example, in Poetry, if Dancing furniſhes Geſtures to the Actors upon the Stage; if Muſick gives the Tone of Voice in Declamation; if the Pencil decorates the Scene; theſe are Services which they render mutually to one another, in Virtue of their common End, and their reciprocal Alliance, but it is without any Prejudice to their particular and natural Rights. A *Tragedy* without Geſtures, without Muſick, without Decoration, is ſtill a *Poem*. It is an Imitation expreſſed by Diſcourſe in Metre. A Piece of *Muſick* without Words is ſtill Muſick. It expreſſes Complaint or Joy independantly of Words, which help it indeed; but neither give or take away any thing that alters its Nature. Its eſſential Expreſſion is Sound, as that of Painting

is Colour, and of Dancing the Movement of the Body.

But there is here a Remark to be made, that as Arts ought to chuſe their Deſigns from Nature, and perfect them, they ought alſo to chuſe and perfect the Expreſſions they borrow from Nature. They ſhould not employ all Sorts of Colours, nor all Sorts of Sounds: They muſt make a juſt Choice, and an exquiſite Mixture of them: They muſt be connected, proportioned, ſhaded, and put in an harmonious Order. Colours and Sounds have Sympathies and Antipathies among themſelves. Nature has a Right to unite them according to her Will, but it is Art that ſhould do it according to Rules. It is not ſufficient that it *hurts* not the Taſte, but it ſhould *flatter* it, and flatter it as much as it is capable of being flattered.

This

This Remark may be applied equally to Poetry. Words, which are its Inſtruments or Colours, have in Poetry a certain Degree of Beauty, which they have not in common Language: They are the Marble choſen, poliſhed and cut, which make the Edifice more rich, beautiful and ſubſtantial. There is a certain Choice of Words, Turns, and above all a certain regular Harmony, which gives its Language ſomething ſupernatural, that charms and lifts us above our ſelves.

CHAP. VII.

How Eloquence and Architecture differ from the other Arts.

WE muſt call back for one Moment the Diviſion which

we made of Arts in the ſecond Chapter. There were ſome invented for Want alone, others for Pleaſure, and ſome owed their Birth firſt to Neceſſity; but having ſince found out the Way to adorn themſelves with Beauties, they began to be reckoned in the Number of thoſe which we call *Polite Arts*. It is thus that Architecture having changed thoſe Caves which Neceſſity had dug out for the Retreat of Mankind, into elegant and commodious Dwellings, deſerved a Diſtinction among the Arts which it had not before.

The ſame Thing happened to Eloquence. The Neceſſity which Men had to communicate their Thoughts and Sentiments to one another, made them Orators and Hiſtorians, as ſoon as they could make Uſe of Words. Experience, Time and Taſte added

new

new Degrees of Perfection to their Diſcourſe. They formed an Art which is called Eloquence, and which for Delight puts itſelf almoſt upon a Level with Poetry: Its Relation and Reſemblance with Poetry gave it an Occaſion to borrow and deck itſelf with thoſe Ornaments which might ſuit it. From thence came round Periods, meaſured Antitheſes, ſtriking Pictures, and Allegories well ſuſtained. From thence the Choice of Words, the Arrangement of Phraſes, the uniform Progreſſion of Harmony. It was then, that Art ſerved for a Model to Nature; which ſometimes indeed happens, but always upon this Condition, which ought to be the Baſe and fundamental Rule of all Arts, *viz.* That in thoſe Arts which are for Uſe, Pleaſure takes the

Character of Neceſſity itſelf, every Thing in them ought to look as if they were for Uſe. In the ſame Manner, as in thoſe Arts which are deſtined for Delight, Uſe has no Right to enter, except where it has the Character to procure the ſame Pleaſure, as if it was calculated ſolely to pleaſe.

Thus *Poetry* and *Sculpture* having taken their Subjects from Hiſtory or from Society would have but a weak excuſe for a bad Performance, by urging the juſtneſs of their Copy from the Model they had taken; becauſe it is not the *True* but the *Beautiful* that we expect from them: In the ſame manner *Eloquence* and *Architecture* would deſerve the greateſt Reproach, if the Deſign of Pleaſing appeared ſtrongly in them. 'Tis in theſe that Art bluſhes if it is diſcovered.

Every

Every thing that is only ornamental is vicious.

There are Occaſions however, where *Eloquence* and *Architecture* may ſoar a little. Heroes are to be celebrated, and Temples to be built. And as it is the Duty of theſe two Arts to imitate the Grandeur of the Object, and to excite the Admiration of Men, they are permitted to riſe ſome Degrees, and to expoſe all their Riches: But ſtill without wandering from their original End, which is Uſe. We expect Beauty upon theſe Occaſions, but a Beauty at the ſame time that is of a real Uſefulneſs.

What would be thought of a ſumptuous Edifice which could be of no Uſe? The Expence compared with the Uſeleſſneſs, wou'd occaſion a diſagreeable Diſproportion to thoſe who *ſaw* it, and the utmoſt Ridicule to him

him who built it. If the Edifice requires Grandeur, Majeſty and Elegance, it is always in Conſideration of the Maſter who is to inhabit it. If there is Proportion, Variety, Unity in it, 'tis to render it more compact, more ſolid, more commodious: Every Beauty, to be perfect, ought to have ſome Uſe. As, on the contrary, in Sculpture Things of uſe ought to become pleaſing and delightful.

Eloquence is ſubmitted to the ſame Law. In its greateſt Liberties, 'tis always fixt to Uſefulneſs and Truth; and if ſometimes the *likely* or the *agreeable* become its Object, it never goes far, and only makes uſe of theſe Liberties, becauſe Truth has never more Credit than when it is pleaſant.

The Orator and Hiſtorian have nothing to create, their Genius ſerves them only to diſcover the real Appearance

pearance of their Object: they have nothing to add, nothing to retrench: they ſcarcely dare to tranſpoſe: whilſt the Poet makes Models for himſelf, without troubling himſelf with Reality.

Inſomuch that if we were to define Poetry by oppoſing it to Proſe or to Eloquence, which I here take for the ſame Thing; we ſhould ſay that Poetry is an Imitation of beautiful Nature expreſſed by Diſcourſe in Meaſure: and Proſe or Eloquence, is Nature itſelf expreſſed by free Diſcourſe. The Orator ought to tell the Truth in a manner which may make it be believed, with that Force and Simplicity that perſuade. The Poet ought to tell the Probable in a manner that renders it agreeable, with all the Grace and Energy that charm and aſtoniſh. Nevertheleſs as Pleaſure prepares the Heart to Perſuaſion, and

as Profit flatters Mankind, who are not apt to forget their own Intereſt; it follows, that the agreeable and uſeful ought to unite in Poetry and in Proſe: but in placing themſelves in an Order comformable to the Object they propoſe to themſelves, in theſe two manners of Writing.

There are Poetical Fictions that appear in the ſimple Habit of Proſe. Such are Romances and all of that kind.

We alſo ſee Subjects that have Truth for their Objects, dreſt and adorned with all the Charms of Poetick Harmony: ſuch are the Didactick or Inſtructive kinds of Poetry. But theſe Inſtances of Poetry and Proſe are pure in neither kind: they are a Mixture of both, to which our Definitions have no Regard, they are Caprices made on purpoſe to be out of Rule.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

Of Taſte.

NATURE having provided for all Mankind, has diſtributed to every Man in particular, a Portion of Taſte which ſhould determine him principally to certain Objects. This it has done, in forming their Organs in ſuch a manner, as to be attracted by one Part of Nature rather than by all. Well-formed Souls have a general Taſte for all that is natural, and at the ſame Time have uſually a Maſter Affection which attaches them to certain Objects in particular.

Let it be permitted then that every one have his Taſte: provided it be for ſome

ſome part of nature. Some may admire the Chearful, others the Serious; theſe love a Conceit, and thoſe what is Grand and Majeſtick, *&c.* Such Objects are in Nature, and encreaſe each others Beauties by the Contraſt. There are ſome happy Geniuſes capable of taking them all in. They admire the Serious in a grave Subject, and the Comic in a Facetious one. They are prone to weep at a Tragedy as to laugh at a Comedy.

There is an *Ideal Perfection* in Poetry, Painting, and in all other Arts. The Mind may conceive a Work of Nature quite perfect, entirely without a Fault, in the ſame manner as *Plato* has conceived his *Republick*, *Xenophon* his *Monarchy*, *Cicero* his *Orator*. As this Idea might be the fixt Point of Perfection, the Value of all Works might be judged by

by their Degree of Similitude or Unlikeneſs to this Point.

" *This Work has Faults*": ſuch a Judgment is in the Power of moſt People to make. " But, *This Work has not all the Beauties it is capable* " *of*": is another, which is reſerved only for Wits of the firſt Order. We may eaſily perceive the Reaſon both of the one and the other. To give the firſt Judgment, it ſuffices to compare the Performance, with the ordinary Ideas which are always with us, when we would judge of Arts, and which offer us Plans, or Sketches at leaſt, by which we may find out the principal Faults in the Execution. But for the ſecond we muſt have taken in all the poſſible Extent of Art, in the Subject choſen by the Author. Which is ſcarcely granted to the greateſt Geniuſes.

You have the Idea of a perfect *Tragedy*.

Tragedy. You have felt the Emotions encreaſe at each Scene, the Stile is *Noble* and *Elevated.* You are attached to the Fate of unhappy *Romeo*: you weep for him, you are fond of your Grief, and you *enjoy* your Grief. Remember what *kind* and *degree* of Feeling you have experienced: and it ſhall for the Future be your Rule to go by. If another Author is happy enough ſtill to add to it, your Taſte becomes more elevated and more exquiſite: and it muſt be by that Degree of Perfection that you judge of other Tragedies.

Let us try to reach this *Ideal Beauty*, which muſt be our Law ſupreme. Let us read the moſt excellent Works in the ſame kind. We are raviſhed with the Enthuſiaſm and Ecſtacy of *Homer*, and with the Wiſdom and Neatneſs of *Virgil*. *Shakeſpear* elevates us with his Grandeur, and *Otway*

way charms us with his Sweetneſs. Let us make a happy Mixture of the ſingle Qualities of theſe great Men: from thence we ſhall form an *Ideal Model* much ſuperior to any one that exiſts; and this Model ſhall be the ſovereign and infallible Rule of all our Deciſions. It is thus the Stoics judged of Wiſdom by the Ideal Sage they created: and that *Juvenal* found the greateſt Poets, beneath the Idea he had conceived of Poetry, by a Sentiment which his Words cou'd not expreſs.

Qualem nequeo monſtrare & ſentio
tantum.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

Of Painting.

HAVING in the foregoing Chapters ſpoke of all the *Polite Arts* taken together, we ſhall now treat of them ſeparately. And firſt of Painting.

Poetry and Painting have ſo exact a Reſemblance to one another, that to treat of them both at the ſame time, we ſhou'd have nothing to do but to put Poetry, Fable, and Verſification, in the room of Painting, Deſign, and Colouring. It is the ſame Genius that creates in one and the other: the ſame Taſte that directs the Artiſts in the Choice, Diſpoſition, and Aſſortment of the great and little Parts: that

that makes the Groups and Contracts; that lays on and adapts the Colours: in a Word, that regulates the Compoſition, Deſign and Colouring. We ſhall afterwards ſpeak more largely of Poetry: ſo that we ſhall here have only a Word or two concerning the Methods Painting takes, in imitating and expreſſing Nature.

Suppoſing the ideal Painting has been conceived according to Rules in the Painter's Imagination: his firſt Operation to expreſs and produce it, is the *Sketch*: this is what begins to give a real Being, and independant of the Mind, to the Object he is about to Paint, and this gives him the Bounds he is to obſerve: It is called the *Deſign*.

The ſecond Operation, is to place the Lights and Shades, to give Objects their proper Jutting, Roundneſs, and Relievo, to connect, detach them

them from the Plan, to draw them near, or to lengthen them from the Spectators. This is the *Clair-Obſcure*. The Third, is to lay on the Colours, ſuch Colours as thoſe Objects have in Nature, to blend, to ſhade, and weaken them as there is Occaſion, in order to make them appear natural: This is called *Colouring*. Theſe are the three Rules of Pictoreſque Expreſſion.

CHAP. X.

Of Muſick, and *Dancing*.

MUSICK had formerly a much greater Compaſs than it has at preſent. It gave Graces to all Kinds of Sounds and Geſtures: It took

took in Singing: Dancing, Verſification and Declamation: *Ars decôris in vocibus & motibus.* But ſince Verſification and Dancing have formed two ſeparate Arts, and Declamation abandoned to itſelf, is no longer an Art, Muſick properly ſpeaking is reduced ſimply to what we call Tune; that is the Science of Sounds.

This Diſtinction nevertheleſs coming rather from the Artiſts, than from the Arts themſelves, which have been always cloſely connected to one another; We will here ſpeak of Muſick and Dancing without ſeparating them. The mutual Compariſon we ſhall make of one with the other, will help to make us the better acquainted with them: they will beſtow Light upon each other in this Account, as they give Beauty to each other on the Stage.

Men have three ways of expreſſing their Ideas and Sentiments; Words,

Tone of Voice, and Geſture. We underſtand by Geſture, the exterior Motions and Attitudes of the Body: *Geſtus*, ſays *Cicero*, *eſt Conformatio quædam & Figura totius oris & Corporis.*

I have named Words firſt becauſe they are in Poſſeſſion of the firſt Rank; and that Men commonly give moſt Attention to them. Nevertheleſs, the Tone of Voice and Geſture have ſeveral Advantages over them: their Uſe is much more natural: we have Recourſe to them when Words fail us; they are alſo more extended: they are univerſal Interpreters which follow us to every Part of the World, they make us intelligible to the moſt barbarous Nations, and even to Animals. In ſhort, they are conſecrated in an eſpecial manner to our Sentiments. Speech *inſtructs* and *convinces* us; it is the Organ of Reaſon; but the Tone and Geſture are thoſe

thoſe of the Heart: they *move*, *win*, and *perſwade*. Speech expreſſes Paſſion only by means of Ideas, to which Sentiments are affixed, and as if by Reflection. The Tone and Geſture go directly to the Heart. Speech expreſſes Paſſions by naming them: if we ſay, I love you or I hate you, and don't join ſome Geſture and Tone to the Words, we rather expreſs an Idea than a Sentiment.

The fineſt Speech in the Character of *Juliet* would have but little Effect on our Paſſions, without Mrs. *Cibber*'s Geſture joined to her elegant and moving Tone of Voice. *Affectus omnes langueſcant neceſſe, niſi voce, vultu, totius propè habitu corporis inardeſcant.*

In a Word, Speech is a Language of Inſtitution, which Men have made more diſtinctly to communicate their Ideas: Tones and Geſtures are the Dictionary of ſimple Nature;

they contain a Language which is born with us, and which we make uſe of, to expreſs every thing that relates to the Wants, and to the Preſervation of our Being; it is ſhort, lively and emphatical. What a Foundation for Arts, whoſe Deſign is to move the Soul, is this Language; the Expreſſions of which are rather thoſe of human Nature itſelf than of Mankind!

Speech, Geſture, and Tone of Voice, have Degrees, or they anſwer to the three kinds of Arts mentioned in the firſt Chapter. In the firſt Degree, they expreſs ſimple Nature, for Want alone: this is the Genuine Picture of our Thoughts and Sentiments: ſuch is, or ought to be our Converſation. In the ſecond Degree, Nature is poliſhed by the Help of Art to add, Pleaſure to Utility: they chuſe with ſome Care, but with Reſtraint and Modeſty the moſt proper and

and agreeable Words, Tones, and Geſtures: This is Oratory. In the third, They have nothing but Pleaſure in View: theſe three Expreſſions have not only all their natural Grace and Force, but alſo all the Perfection that Art can add to them, I mean Meaſure, Motion, Modulation and Harmony, and this is Verſification, Muſick and Dancing, which are the greateſt poſſible Perfection of Words, Tones of Voice, and Geſtures.

CHAP. XI.

Deſign and Rules of Muſick.

IF I was to own that I could not be pleaſed at a Diſcourſe I did not underſtand, my Confeſſion would

have nothing ſingular in it. But was I to ſay the ſame thing of a Piece of Muſick; a Muſician might aſk me, if I thought myſelf Connoiſſeur enough to enter into the Merit of a Piece of Muſick that has been worked up with the greateſt Care? And I wou'd venture to reply; Yes, for the Buſineſs of Muſick is to *Move*. I don't pretend to calculate Sounds: I ſpeak not of Vibration of Cords, nor of Mathematical Proportion. I abandon to the ſage *Theoriſts* theſe Speculations, which are only like the nice Grammatical or Dialectical Parts of a Diſcourſe, whoſe Merits I can feel without entering into the Diſcuſſion. Muſick ſpeaks to me in Tones: the Language is natural to me; if I don't underſtand it, Art has corrupted Nature, rather than mended it. Muſick ſhould be judged in the ſame manner as a Picture. I ſee Strokes and Colours

in it whoſe Meaning I underſtand; it ſtrikes, it touches me. What would be ſaid of a Painter, who ſhould content himſelf with laying on his Canvas a parcel of bold Strokes and a Heap of the moſt lively Colours, without any ſort of Reſemblance to any known Object. The Application is very naturally made to Muſick. There is no ſort of Diſparity, or if there is, it ſtrengthens my Proof. The Ear, ſay they, is much more delicate than the Eye. Then I am more capable to judge of a Piece of Muſick than of a Picture.

I appeal to the Compoſer himſelf, which are the Parts he approves of moſt, which he is moſt fond of, and to which he is continually returning with a Sort of ſecret Pleaſure? Are they not thoſe where his Muſick (if we may ſo ſay) is ſpeaking, where it

has a clear Meaning, without Obſcurity, and without Equivocation?

Let then the profound Muſician applaud himſelf, if he will, for having, by a Mathematical Concord, conciliated Sounds that ſeemed to have the utmoſt Antipathy to each other; if they ſignify nothing, I ſhall compare them with thoſe Geſtures of our *Britiſh* Orators, which are only Signs of Life; or to thoſe artificial Verſes, which are only metred Noiſe.

'Tis true, I cannot tell why I am pleaſed with a fine Piece of Muſick, but what ſignifies that. If I feel, it matters not whether I expreſs my Senſation by Words or otherwiſe.

Cauſa latet, Vis eſt notiſſima.

The Heart has its Underſtanding independent of Words; and when it as once touched it has comprehended all.

all. Moreover, as there are great Things which Words cannot reach, there are alſo delicate ones which Words are as little capable of expreſſing. This is very manifeſt, in what we are ſpeaking of.

Let us conclude then, that Muſick, the beſt calculated in all its Tones, the moſt Geometrick in its Concords, if it ſhould happen, that with theſe Qualities, it had no Signification or Meaning; we could compare to nothing but a Priſm which preſents the moſt beautiful Colours, and forms no Sort of Picture.

The firſt Merit of Muſick, Dancing and Eloquence, is to be conſpicuous. *Prima virtus Perſpicuitas.* What does it ſignify to me, that there is a beautiful Edifice in that pleaſant Valley, if it is obſcur'd with Night and Darkneſs. We don't expect a Meaning from each of them in particular:

But they ought each of them to contribute towards one. If it is not a Period, let it be a Limb, a Word, a Syllable. Every Tone, every Modulation, every Step ought to lead to a Sentiment, or to give us one.

2*d*, The Expreſſions ought to be *juſt*. It is the ſame in Sentiments as in Colours: A Demi-tint degrades them, makes them change their Nature, or renders them equivocal.

3*d*, They ought to be *lively*, *fine*, and *delicate*. Every Body is acquainted with the Paſſions to a certain Degree. When a Man paints them no farther than that, he has only the Merit of an Hiſtorian, of a ſervile Imitator. We muſt go farther if we would ſeek for beautiful Nature. There are for Muſick and Dancing, as well as for Painting, Beauties which Artiſts call light and tranſitory; fine Strokes that fall in the Extacy of Paſſion,

ſion, Sighs, tender Accents, and Inclinations of the Head. Theſe are the Touches that warm, awaken and animate the Mind.

4*th*, They ought to be *eaſy* and *ſimple*, all that looks like Conſtraint, gives Pain, and fatigues us. Whoever looks on or hears, is the Uniſon of him that ſpeaks or acts: And it is not with Impunity that we are Spectators of his Pain or Trouble.

5*th*, Laſtly, The Expreſſions ought to be *new*, eſpecially in Muſick. *Eſt Natura Hominum novitatis avida.* There is no Art where the Taſte is more greedy and more haughty: *Judiciam aurium ſuperbiſſimum.* The Reaſon of this, no Doubt, is our Facility in taking the Impreſſion of Sounds: *Naturâ ad numeros ducimur.* As the Ear carries the Sentiment to the Heart, in all its Force, a ſecond Impreſſion is almoſt uſeleſs, and

leaves our Souls inactive and indifferent. From thence ſeems the Neceſſity of continually varying the Modes, the Motions and the Paſſions.

CHAP. XII.

POETRY.

POetry is a Mixture of Painting, Muſick and Eloquence.

As *Eloquence*, it ſpeaks, it proves, it relates. As *Muſick*, it has a regulated Courſe, Tones and Cadences, whoſe Combination form a Kind of Concert. As *Painting* it draws out Objects, and lays on Colours, it expreſſes every Beauty in Nature; in a Word, it makes Uſe both of the Colours and the Pencil. It employs Concords and Harmony, it ſhews Truth,

Truth, and knows how to make Truth lovely.

Poetry takes in all Kinds of Subjects: It employs every ſhining Action in Hiſtory: It enters into the Regions of Philoſophy: It flies into the Skies, to admire the Courſes of the heavenly Bodies: It darts into the Sea, and into the Entrails of the Earth, there to examine the Secrets of Nature: it penetrates even into the Manſions of the Dead, to ſee the Rewards of the good, and the Tortures of the bad: it takes in the whole Univerſe. If this World is not ſufficient, it creates new ones, which it embelliſhes with enchanted Dwellings, and peoples with a thouſand different ſorts of Inhabitants. There it creates Beings after its own Fancy: it produces nothing but what is perfect: it improves every Production of Nature: it is a kind of Magick: it flings Illu-

Illuſion into the Eyes, into the Imagination, into the Mind itſelf, and makes us enjoy real Pleaſures by Inventions merely chimerical.

CHAP. XIII.

The Uſeful ſhould be joined to the Agreeable in Poetry.

IF in Nature, and in Arts, thoſe Things touch us moſt which carry with them the greateſt Benefit to ourſelves, it follows, that ſuch Works as have the double Advantage of producing both Pleaſure and Profit, will be much more affecting than ſuch as only produce one of the two. This is the Sentiment of *Horace:*

Omne

Omne tulit punctum qui miſcuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando *pariterque monendo.*

The Deſign of Poetry is to pleaſe: and to pleaſe, in ſtirring the Paſſions. But to give us a perfect and ſubſtantial Pleaſure; it ought not to ſtir any but thoſe which it is of Conſequence to keep in Motion, and never ſuch as are contrary to Wiſdom and Virtue. Deteſtation of Wickedneſs, which is attended by Shame, Fear, and Repentance: Compaſſion for the Unhappy, which has almoſt as extended an Utility as Humanity itſelf: Admiration of great Examples which leaves in the Heart a Spur to Virtue: Theſe are the Paſſions which Poetry ought to treat of; Poetry was never deſigned to ſtir up ill in bad Hearts, but to be the moſt exquiſite Delight for virtuous Souls. Virtue placed in certain

certain Lights will always be an affecting Object. At the Bottom of the moſt corrupted Hearts there is always a Voice that ſpeaks for Virtue, and which good Men hearken to with the more Pleaſure, as by it they diſcover a Proof of their own Perfection.

The Tragick and Comick Poetry of the Antients, were Examples of the terrible Vengeance of the Gods, or of the juſt Correction of Men. They made the Spectators underſtand by theſe means, that to avoid both the one and the other, it was neceſſary not only to *ſeem* good, but abſolutely to *be* ſo.

The Works of *Homer* and *Virgil* are not vain Romances, where the Mind is lead away at the Will of an empty Imagination. On the contrary, they ought to be looked upon, as great Bodies of Doctrine, as

thoſe Books of a Nation, which contain the Hiſtory of the State, the Spirit of the Government, the fundamental Principles of Morality, the Dogmas of Religion, the Duties of Society; and all this cloathed with every rich and grand Expreſſion that could be conceived by Geniuſes almoſt divine.

The *Iliad* and *Eneid* are as much the Pictures of the *Greek* and *Roman* Nations, as the *Miſer* of *Moliére* is that of *Avarice*. And as the Fable of this Comedy is only the Canvas prepared to receive a Number of true Strokes taken from Society: So alſo the Anger of *Achilles*, and the Eſtabliſhment of *Æneas* in *Italy*, ought to be conſidered only as the Cloth of a great and magnificent Piece of Painting, on which they have had the Art to paint Manners, Cuſtoms, Laws, Councils, *&c.* diſguiſed ſometimes

in

in Allegories, ſometimes in Predictions, and ſometimes openly expoſed: changing however ſome of the Circumſtances, as the Time, the Place, the Actor, to render the Thing more lively, and to give the Reader the Pleaſure of ſtudying, and conſequently of believing that his Inſtruction is owing to his own Care and Reflection.

Anacreon, who was deeply ſtudied in the Art of Pleaſing, and who ſeems never to have had any other Aim, was not ignorant how important it is to mix the uſeful with the agreeable. Other Poets fling Roſes on their Precepts to conceal their Harſhneſs. He, by a Refinement of Delicacy, ſcattered Inſtructions in the midſt of Roſes. He knew that the moſt delightful Images, when they teach us nothing, have a certain Inſipidity, which like Beauty with-

without Senſe leaves Diſguſt behind it: that there muſt be ſomething ſubſtantial, to give them that Force, that Energy that penetrates: and in ſhort, that if Wiſdom has Occaſion to be enlivened by a little Folly; Folly, in its Turn, ought to be invigorated by a little Wiſdom. Read *Cupid ſtung by a Bee*, *Mars wounded by the Arrow of Love*, *Cupid enchained by the Muſes*, and we ſhall eaſily perceive the Poet has not made theſe Images to inſtruct: but he has put Inſtruction in them to pleaſe. *Virgil* is certainly a greater Poet than *Horace*. His Paintings are more rich and beautiful. His Verſification is admirable. *Horace* however is much more read. The principal Reaſon is, that he has at this Time the Merit of being more inſtructive to us, than *Virgil*, who perhaps was more ſo to the *Romans*.

We do not ſay that Poetry ſhou'd

ſhou'd never give itſelf up to an agreeable Mirth. The Muſes are chearful, and were always Friends to the Graces. But little Poems are rather Sports and Relaxations to them, than Works. They owe other Services to Mankind, whoſe Life ought not to be one perpetual Amuſement. And the Example of Nature, which they propoſe for a Model, teaches them to do nothing conſiderable, without a wiſe Deſign, and which may tend to the Perfection of thoſe for whom they labour.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

The Style of *Poetry.*

THE Style of Poetry contains four Parts: *viz. Thoughts*, *Words*, *Turns*, and *Harmony*. All theſe are found in Proſe itſelf; but as in the Polite Arts it is not neceſſary only to paint Nature, but to paint it with all its Agreeableneſs and Beauty; Poetry, to arrive at that End, has a Right to add a Degree of Perfection to thoſe Charms which may exalt them above their natural Condition.

It is for this Reaſon that the Thoughts, Words, and Turns in Poetry, have a Boldneſs, Liberty and Richneſs

Richneſs which wou'd appear exceſſive in common Language. Hence, *Well-ſuſtained Similies, glittering Metaphors, lively Repetitions, ſurprizing Apoſtrophes.* Thus

——*Morn her roſy Steps in th' eaſtern clime*
Advancing, ſow'd the Earth with Orient Pearl.

AGAIN:

————————*now gentle Gales,*
Fanning their odoriferous Wings, diſpenſe
Native Perfumes, and whiſper whence they ſtole
Thoſe Balmy Spoils.

OR:

How from that Saphire Fount the criſped Brooks
Rowling on Orient Pearl and Sands of Gold,

With

With mazy Error under pendent Shades
Ran Nectar.———

Now,

—Hear the Lark begin his Flight,
And ſinging ſtartle the dull Night.

We ſhall ſay no more of theſe three Parts, *viz.* The Thoughts, Words and Turns of Poetry; becauſe we may form a very juſt Idea of them, by the bare reading of good Poets: but it is not ſo of the *fourth*, which is Harmony.

Non quivis videt immodulata Poemata
Judex.

There are three ſorts of Harmony in Poetry: The firſt is that of the Style, which ought always to agree with the Subject treated of. The Polite Arts form a Kind of Commonwealth, where every one makes a Figure

gure according to his Situation. What a Difference between the Voice of the Epick, and that of Tragedy. Go through all the other Kinds, Comedy, Paſtoral, Lyrick Poetry, *&c.* and you will always find that Difference.

If this Harmony is ever found wanting, the Poem becomes a Burleſque. And if Tragedy ſometimes lowers itſelf, or Comedy riſes, 'tis only to level themſeves to their Matter, which varies at Times.

Interdum tamen & Vocem Comœdia tollit;
Iratuſque Chremes tumido dilitigat ore;
Et tragicus plerumque dolet ſermone pedeſtri.
Telephus & Peleus, cum pauper & exul uterque
Projicit ampullas, & ſeſquipedalia verba,
Si curat cor ſpectantis tetigiſſe querellâ.

This

This Harmony is eſſential. Almoſt every one underſtands it, but unhappily a great many Authors have it not ſufficiently. In the ſame Work, are found Tragick, Comick and Lyrick Verſes, which are no ways authorized by the Thoughts they contain. Why then will you pretend to paint, ſince you don't underſtand Colours?

Deſcriptas ſervare vices operumque Colores
Cur ego ſi nequeo ignoroque, Poeta ſalutor.

A delicate Ear knows ſimply by the Sound of the Verſe, what kind of Work it is taken from. Shew us any Lines of *Shakeſpear*, *Milton*, *Dryden*, *Swift* or *Pope*, and we ſhall never be miſtaken in this Reſpect. A Verſe of *Ovid* is known amongſt a thouſand of *Virgil*. There

is not the leaſt Occaſion to name the Authors: We know them by their Style, as the Heroes in *Homer* are by their Actions.

The ſecond Sort of Harmony conſiſts in the Agreement of the Sounds and Words with the Object of the Thought. Even Writers in Proſe ought to make this a Rule. And Poets ought with much more Care to obſerve it. We ſhould not ſee them expreſs a ſoft Thing in rough Words; nor in ſoft Ones, what is harſh and diſagreeable:

Carmine non levi dicenda eſt ſcabra crepido.

The third kind of Harmony in Poetry may be called artificial, in oppoſition to the two Others which are proper to diſcourſe, and which be-

belong equally to Poetry and to Proſe. This conſiſts in a certain Art, which beſides the Choice of Sounds and Expreſſions, that echo to the Senſe, ranges them in ſuch a manner, that all the Syllables of a Verſe, taken together, produce by their Sound, their Number, their Quantity, another ſort of Expreſſion, a ſort of compound Expreſſion, which ſtill adds to the Natural Signification of the Words.

Every Thing in the Univerſe has its particular Motion; there are ſome that are grave and majeſtick: others lively and rapid, and others again are ſimple and ſweet. In like manner Poetry has different kinds of Motions, to imitate thoſe of Nature; and by a ſort of Melody to paint to the Ears what it has painted to the Mind by Words. This Harmony belongs

to Poetry alone, and it is the exquiſite Point of Verſification.

We may very well call it the exquiſite Point of Verſification. For it is the Want of this that has made ſo many Poems periſh. The Art of being eloquent in Verſe is of all Arts the moſt difficult and uncommon. We ſhall ſee a thouſand Geniuſes that are able to lay out a Work, and to verſify it in a middling manner, but to treat it like a true Poet is a Talent beſtowed hardly on any beſides *Homer*, *Virgil* and *Pope*.

Look into *Homer* or *Virgil*, and you'll almoſt every where find a muſical Expreſſion of moſt Objects. *Virgil* never miſſes it: We ſee it ſtrongly in him, even when we cannot eaſily tell in what it conſiſts. Sometimes it is ſo ſenſible as to ſtrike the leaſt attentive Ears:

Con-

Continuo Ventis ſurgentibus, aut freti Ponti
Incipiunt agitata tumeſcere, & aridus alti.
Montibus audiri Fragor, aut reſonantia longè
Littora miſceri, & nemorum increbeſcere Murmur.

And in the Æneid, ſpeaking of the feeble Dart flung by old *Priam:*

Sic fatus ſenior: telumque imbelle ſine ictu
Conjecit, rauco quod protinus ære repulſum
Et ſummo Clypei nequicquam Umbone pependit.

I cannot omit this Example taken from *Horace:*

Quâ Pinus ingens, albaque Populus
Umbram Hoſpitalem conſociare amant
Ramis, & obliquo laborat
Simpha fugax trepidare Rivo.

There are ſome People to whom Nature has refuſed the Pleaſure of nice Ears: It is not for ſuch that theſe Remarks are made. One might quote to them the Authority of thoſe Greeks and Latins, who have entered into the greateſt Diſcuſſions with regard to the Harmony of Language; I ſhall content myſelf with producing only thoſe of *Vida* and *Pope*; and the rather, becauſe they have at the ſame Time given the Precept with the Example:

Haud ſatis eſt illis (poetis) *utcumque*
claudere verſum,
Et res verborum propriâ vi reddere
claras.

Omnia

Omnia ſed numeris vocum concordibus aptant ;
Atque ſono quæcunque canunt imitantur, & apta
Verborum facie, & quæſito carminis ore.
Nam diverſa opus eſt veluti dare verſibus ora
Diverſoſque habitus : ne qualis primus & alter,
Talis & inde alter vultuque incedit eodem.
Hic melior motuque pedum & pernicibus alis,
Molle viam tacito lapſu per levia radit.
Ille autem membris ac mole ignavius ingens
Incedit tardo molimine ſuſidendo.
Ecce aliquis ſubit egregio pulcherrimus ore,

Cui lætum membris Venus omnibus
afflat honorem.
Contra alius rudis informes oſtendit
& artus,
Hirſutumque ſupercilium, ac caudam
ſinuoſam,
Ingratus viſu ſonitu illætabilis ipſo:
Nec vero hæ ſine lege datæ, ſine mente
figuræ
Sed facies ſua pro meritis, habituſque
ſonuſque;
Cunctis cuique ſuus vocum diſcrimine
certo.

'Tis not enough no Harſhneſs gives
Offence,
The Sound muſt ſeem an Echo *to the*
Senſe.
Soft *is the Strain when Zephyr*
gently blows,
And the ſmooth Stream *in* ſmoother
Numbers *flows*;

But

But when loud Surges laſh the
ſounding ſhore,
The hoarſe rough Verſe *ſhou'd like*
the Torrent *roar.*
When Ajax ſtrives ſome Rocks
vaſt Weight to throw,
The Line too labours, *and the Words*
move ſlow;
Not ſo, when ſwift Camilla *ſcours*
the Plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending Corn, and
ſkims along the Main.

CHAP. XV.

Of the Epick.

THE Word *Epick* taken in its greateſt Extent agrees to every Poetical Work: and conſequently

to the leaſt Fable in *Æſop*. ἔπος ſignifies Recital, and ποιέω, to make, feign, or create.

But according to the common Signification, and which is eſtabliſhed by Cuſtom; it is only given to the Recital of ſome great Action, in which Nations are intereſted, and often all Mankind. *Homer* and *Virgil* have fixed the Idea of it, till ſuch time as more accompliſhed Models appear.

An Epick is the greateſt Work that the human Mind can undertake. It is a kind of Creation, which in ſome ſort, requires an all-powerful Genius. It comprehends the whole Univerſe in the ſame Action: the Heavens, which regulate the Fates, and the Earth, where they are executed.

We may define it: A Recital in Verſe of a probable, heroic, and wonderful

ful Action. In theſe few Words we ſee the Difference between the *Epick* and the Romance which is not *probable*, between *Hiſtory*, which goes not ſo far as the *Wonderful*; between the Dramatick, which is not a *Recital*, and between the other little Poems whoſe Subjects are not Heroic.

It is our Buſineſs now to find out the Rules of every one of theſe Parts in Imitation.

The *Wonderful*, which ſeems the fartheſt diſtant from this Principle, conſiſts in opening all the unknown Reſorts of great Operations. For this End the Poet has no other Means but the *Probable*.

All Men are naturally convinced that there is a Divinity which rules their Fates. It is from this Conviction that the Poet ſets out. He declares himſelf inſpired by a Genius, who aſſiſts

at the Council of the Gods; where he has ſeen the Principle and the ſecret Cauſes of Things, which mere Men are not acquainted with till they happen.

Theſe are the two Ways of making us believe the *Wonderful* which he preſents us: firſt, he ſhews us ſuch Things as reſemble thoſe which we believe; ſecondly, he tells them with an Air of Authority and Revelation. The Religious Tone ſhakes, and the Probability of the Thing convinces. We hear a ſublime Voice, we feel a Fire that warms us: we diſcover the Ideas we have of the Conduct of the Divinity with regard to Men: Beſides this, We behold Heroes, Actions, Manners, painted in Characters we underſtand: we forget the Fiction, we embrace it as Truth, we admire all theſe Objects: If they do not

not exiſt, they deſerve to exiſt: and Nature wou'd be the Gainer; if ſhe was as beautiful as Art. Thus we willingly believe it is Nature herſelf: and may we not ſay it is her, ſince we believe it?

In effect, would this Marvellous pleaſe if it was not conformable to Truth, and if it was only the Work of a vague Imagination? *Nothing is beautiful but what is true. Homer* enchants me, but not when he makes a *River* leave its Bed to run after a Man, and *Vulcan* runs armed with Fire to force the River back again. I admire *Virgil*, but I do not like thoſe *Nymphs* changed *into Ships*. My Mind deteſts every thing that bears Characters ſo outré and unnatural: *incredulus odi*. Nature has not guided the Pencil.

Not-

Notwithſtanding I like theſe Flights, provided they are but ſhort, much better than the cold Accuracy and heavy Niceneſs of an Author who never leaves the Shore, and often runs aground thro' Cowardice. *Eſt quoddam prodire tenùs, ſi non datur ultra.*

The *Epick* ought then to be *Wonderful*: ſince it is by that the Maſterpieces of Epick Poetry have moved us. But as this *Wonderful* ought at the ſame time to be probable, and as, in this part as well as in others, the *Probable* and the *Poſſible* are not always the ſame Thing; 'tis neceſſary that this *Wonderful* ſhou'd be placed in ſuch Actions and Times, as may make it in ſome Sort natural.

The Heathens had one Advantage: Their Heroes were the Sons of Gods, and who might be ſuppoſed to be in a continual Relation with thoſe from whom

whom they drew their Being. The Chriſtian Religion deprives our modren Poets of all theſe Advantages. *Milton* alone has filled up the *Wonderful* of his Fable by the *Wonderful* of the *Chriſtian Religion*. The Scene of his Poem is often out of the World. Revelation has been his Source: and from thence he has flown into thoſe magnificent Fictions, which unite the emphatical Voice of Oracles with the ſublime Truths of Chriſtianity.

But to join this *Wonderful* of our Religion to a Hiſtory which is quite natural, and not far diſtant from us: to make Angels deſcend to work Miracles, in an Enterpriſe whoſe Plot and Unravelment is quite ſimple and unmyſterious; is being more ridiculous, than if the *Wonderful* was quite excluded.

We

We ſaid that the Epick employed two means to touch us: The *Probability* of the Things it relates, and the *Oraculous Tone* in which it pronounces the Revelation: We will be very ſhort on this ſecond Head.

In all other Poems they Style ought to be conformable to the State of the Actors: in the Epick, it ought to be to the State of the Poet; it is a divine Spirit that inſpires him:

——————————— *Cui talia fanti*
——— *ſubito non vultus, non color unus,*
Et rabie fera corda tument, majorque videri
Nec mortale ſonans, afflata eſt numine quando
Jam propriore Dei ——— *Tros Anchiſiade* ———

The

The Epick Muſe is as much in the Skies as upon the Earth. She appears quite full of the Divinity; and ſpeaks to us in nothing but a Celeſtial Enthuſiaſm, which, precipitating itſelf through all the Turns of a bold Fiction, reſembles leſs the Evidence of a ſcrupulous Hiſtorian, than the Extaſy of a Prophet: *Non enim res geſtæ verſibus comprehendæ ſunt——— ſed per ambages, deorumque miniſteria, & fabuloſum ſententiarum tormentum præcipitandus eſt liber ſpiritus, ut potius furentis animi vaticinatio appareat, quam religioſæ orationis ſub teſtibus fides.*

It is for this Reaſon, that from the Beginning, the Poet ſpeaks like a Man filled with Ecſtaſy, and lifted above himſelf. His Subject opens itſelf wrapt up in myſterious Darkneſs, which inſpires Reſpect, and diſpoſes to

to Admiration. —— "Arms and the "Man I ſing, whom the cruel Deſti- "nies forced from the *Trojan* Shores, "long Time was he expoſed to the "Vengeance of the Gods, *&c.*"

The Lyrick has a free and unreſtrained Courſe: They are Tranſports of the Heart, Strokes of Fire that dart forth. The Epick has one well ſuſtained Tone, a Majeſty always equal to itſelf: It is a Recital which a God makes, to Gods like himſelf. Every Thing ennobles itſelf in his Mouth, the Expreſſions, Turns Harmony: Every Thing is filled with Boldneſs and Pomp. It is not a Thunder that breaks out by Intervals, that roars, and then is ſilent. 'Tis a great River, that rowls its Waves with vaſt Noiſe, and which aſtoniſhes the Traveller, who in a deep Valley, hears it from afar.

Gentle

Gentle Breezes and murmuring Fountains, are fit only for Shepherds.— Compare *Virgil*'s Rural Pipe with his Trumpet.

Tityre tu patulæ recubans ſub tegmine fagi,
Sylveſtrem tenui Muſam meditaris avenâ.

Nothing can be ſofter: The Harmony and Tone of the Eneid have another Force.

Arma Virumque cano, &c.
Vix e conſpectu ſiculæ telluris in altum
Vela dabant læti, & ſpumas ſalis ære ruebant.

Every Body feels the Difference by once reading theſe Lines. We ſhould find the Difference much more ſenſible, were we to compare *Homer* and *Theocritus*. The *Greek* Language, richer than any other, could adapt

adapt itſelf with more Facility to the Nature of the Subject, and take more or leſs Force, according as the Matter required. In this, I appeal to thoſe who have read and compared the two Poets.

CHAP. XVI.

Of Tragedy.

Tragedy partakes with the Epick, the Grandure and Importance of the Action, and differs from it only in the Dramatick. The tragick Action is *ſeen*, and that of the Epick is *related*.

Tragedy indeed never goes beyond the natural. That which is great in it, never goes farther than Heroiſm.

It

It is a Repreſentation of great Men, a Painting, a Picture; ſo that its Beauty conſiſts in its Reſemblance with the Truth. In ſhort, to find out all the Rules of Tragedy is to place your ſelf in the Pit, and fancy that all you are going to ſee is to be abſolutely true: And the moſt beautiful Truth in that Kind, and in the Subject choſen. Every Thing that concurs to perſuade to this will be *good:* All that helps to undeceive you, will be *bad.*

If they change the *Place* where the Action paſſes, whilſt the Spectator remains always in his Seat: He diſcovers the Art: The Imitation is *bad.*

If the Action laſts a Year, a Month, ſeveral Days; whilſt I know that I ſaw it begin and end in about three Hours: I ſee the Artifice. Scarcely will

will they be able to make me believe that I have been a Spectator one whole Day; and the Thing would go much better, if the Action was to laſt no longer than the Time, in which it is repreſented: I ſhould, by this Means, be much eaſier deceived.

I ſee Players who act to be ſeen, who preſent themſelves in ſuch a Manner, that they ſeem to addreſs their Diſcourſe to the Pit. This is not Nature, or in other Words, Mr. *Garrick* and Mrs. *Pritchard* never do thus.

I ſpeak not of equivocal, or ill ſuſtained Characters, feeble or affected Sentiments.——Now, we have a String of Phraſes in the Taſte of *Seneca*; ſometimes a more than Epick Deſcription; at another, a more than Lyrick Enthuſiaſm. 'Tis an Hiſtorian, a Philoſopher, an Orator

tor that I hear. Here an Actor takes Fire all at once, and without any Preparation; there, another hears a very important Confidence with a cold and regardleſs Air. He knows his Anſwer. In ſhort, the Geſture, Speech or Tone of Voice, one of theſe three Expreſſions, agree not with the other two, and conſequently unveil the Art, by diſconcerting the Harmony.

Epiſodes ſhould never be introduced in the Drama. They ſhould be excluded both from Tragedy and Comedy. Every one ſees the Abſurdity of the Love Epiſode in *Addiſon*'s *Cato*, and of the the lewd one of *Lætitia*, and *Belmour* in *Congreve*'s *Old Batchelor*. How few of our *Engliſh* Authors have been able to furniſh Matter for five Acts, without ſticking in ſomething of this Kind! In urging this, I mean not to exclude the Paſ-

ſion

ſion of Love from Tragedy. It is perhaps the moſt theatrical Paſſion of all, the fulleſt of Sentiments, the moſt various; but then the Plot ſhould entirely depend upon it, it ſhould be the Life and Soul of the Piece, or be intirely baniſhed from it. If Love is not tragick it becomes inſipid, and if it is tragick, it ſhould reign alone. It muſt never hold the ſecond Place.

The *Choruſes* formerly led Tragedy upon the Stage; and maintained themſelves a long Time with it. They were founded upon Cuſtom, and authorized by the Example of the Government, which was democratical. But afterwards great Affairs not being decided in publick; they were obliged to leave the Stage. Nor could this publick Manner of acting be with any Propriety joined to the Tenderneſs of ſuch Paſſions, as generally love Secrecy. But perhaps if Art is

the

the better by this, in making the Imitation more exact, the Spectator has loſt by it, with Regard to Sentiments. The Lyrick Song of the Chorus expreſſed between the Acts the Motions excited by the preceding Act. The Spectator being ſtruck, eaſily felt the Uniſon, and prepared himſelf to receive the Impreſſions of the following Acts; inſtead of which in our Times, the Violin ſeems calculated only to cure the Soul of its Wound, and to extinguiſh the Fire which began to glow in the Breaſt.

If we are aſked why the Paſſions ought to be extraordinary, the Characters always great, the Plot unſolvable, the Unravelment ſimple and natural? Why every Scene ſhould riſe upon us in Beauty, without the leaſt languiſhing? The Reaſon is, becauſe we have promiſed to paint Nature, and that we are to give her

every poſſible Perfection, becauſe Art, which is made ſolely for Pleaſure, is *bad* when it becomes *middling*: In ſhort, 'tis becauſe the human Heart is never content, when there is any Thing left for it to deſire.

CHAP. XVII.

Of COMEDY.

TRAGEDY imitates the beautiful and the great: *Comedy* imitates the *ridiculous*. One elevates the Soul, and forms the Heart: The other poliſhes the Behaviour, and corrects the Manners. Tragedy humanizes us by Compaſſion, and reſtrains us by Fear, Φόβος καὶ ἔλεος: Comedy takes off half the Maſk, and preſents the Mirrour di-

directly in our Face. Tragedy does not make us laugh, becauſe the Faults of the Great are Misfortunes.

Quicquid delirant Reges, plectuntur Achivi.

Comedy makes us laugh, becauſe the Faults of the little are trifling; we fear not their Conſequences.

They define Comedy: A feigned Action, in which they repreſent the Ridiculous, in Order to correct it. The Tragick Action generally leans to ſomething that's true. The Names at leaſt are hiſtorical; but in Comedy every Thing is feigned. The Poet fixes the probable for a Foundation: that ſuffices: He builds as he pleaſes: he creates an Action, Actors, he multiplies them as he has Occaſion, and names them as he thinks fit for the Purpoſe, without any one's being able to find Fault with it.

The Matter of Comedy is Civil Life, of which it is an Imitation. It ought alſo to be every where enlivened with all poſſible Care, to have fine and eaſy Strokes of Wit, which preſent the Ridiculous in the moſt glaring Point of View.

The Ridiculous conſiſts in thoſe Faults which cauſe Shame without cauſing Grief. It is, in general, a bad Aſſortment of Things which are not made to go together. The Gravity of a Stoick would be ridiculous in a Child, and Puerility in a Magiſtrate. It is a Diſagreement of the State with the Manners. This Fault cauſes no Grief where it is: or if it did, it would not make thoſe laugh who have the Heart well formed: A ſecret Return upon themſelves would make them find more Charms in Compaſſion.

The Ridiculous in Manners is then ſimply, a Deformity that ſhocks good Senſe and common received Cuſtom, or even the *Morality* of the polite World. It is here the Spectator is pleaſed at the Expence of an old Alderman married to a young Wife, a Sir *Francis* with a Place at Court, and a Dr. Wolf ill concealed under his Maſk. Self Love has then a double Pleaſure, it ſees the Faults of others, and thinks it does not ſee its own.

The ridiculous is every where found, ſays *La Bruyere*: It is often in Company with the moſt ſerious Thing in the World: But it is ſeldom we find Eyes that can diſcover where it is; and ſtill more ſo to find a Genius which knows how to draw it out with Accuracy, and to preſent it in ſuch a Manner, as pleaſes and inſtructs at the ſame Time, and without doing one at the Expence of the other.

Comedy divides itſelf according to the Subjects it propoſes to imitate.

There is in Society, a Rank of People, where there reigns a certain Gravity, and where the Sentiments are delicate, and the Converſation filled with Politeneſs: In a Word, a Rank which is called *Good Company*. This is the Model of the *High Comick*, which only makes the Mind laugh: Such are the principal Characters of the great Dramatick Performances, ſuch are the Characters of *Simo* and *Chremes* in *Terence*, of *Bevil* and *Indiana* in Sir *Richard Steel*.

There is another Order lower than this, 'tis that of the Populace, whoſe Taſte is conformable to the Education they have received. It is the Object of the low Comick, which agrees to Valets, and to Chambermaids. This Order ought to have no Groſſneſs, but

but ſhould always admit Neatneſs and Simplicity: and if it admits Wit, it ſhould always be natural, and without any Study. It is here that Playing with Words, humourous Turns, Conceits, *&c.* are pardonable, becauſe they are authorized by the Condition of thoſe they repreſent.

We might reckon a third Kind of Comick, if it deſerved that Name, *viz.* Farces, *&c.* which have nothing lively in them but a groſs Burleſque, and ſometimes mixt with Filth. But ſuch Imitations, as charm the Populace, are not calculated for People of Politeneſs and Taſte.

Offenduntur enim quibus eſt equus & pater & res.

It is evident by this Summary of the Nature of Comedy, that *Imitation* makes its Eſſence and its Rule. And

the Word *Mirrour* alone which agrees ſo perfectly with it, gives a Demonſtration of it: *Hæc conficta arbitror à Poetis eſſe, ut effictos noſtros mores in alienis perſonis, expreſſamque imaginem noſtræ vitæ quotidianæ videremus.*

CHAP. XVIII.

Rules and Uſe of COMEDY.

WE muſt never confound the two Characters of the Drama; the Imitation of private Life ſhould not go beyond its Object. Thoſe Pictures that ſhine greatly are not ſo much worth as thoſe that moſt reſemble their Model. When the Matter is ruſtick and natural, it ſhould not be poliſhed and cultivated. Cottages are not built upon the Plan of *Pa-*

Palaces: And there is a vaſt Deal of Difference between the Fields in *Yorkſhire* and the Mall in *St. James*'s Park.

In Comedy every Thing ſhould be pure, eaſy and natural; we muſt have no borrowed Paſſions and conſtrained Actions. How often do our Comick Authors (if we may ſo call them) introduce Force and Eclat, where there ſhould be nothing but Simplicity and Softneſs. They do by Comedy, what Gentlemen do when they marry their Servants: They make them change their State and Condition, and thoſe Servants are no longer the ſame Creatures.

Scipio and *Lælius* would not like Comedy dreſs'd in this Manner, they would ſay that ſuch Ornaments diſguiſe rather than adorn it. Theſe good *Romans* were not ignorant of the Nature and Properties of all the

Sciences, and as they were too understanding in the Art of War, to build Citadels in Valleys, so they had too much Knowledge in the Works of Genius, to employ an elevated Style, and illustrious Events in popular Subjects.

We should be very wrong, were we to despise every Thing that is called popular, and to believe, that nothing good and beautiful can be produced out of the Rank of Kings and Princes. This seeming Meanness, which the Comick Poets accommodate to their Matter, and this modest Expression of ordinary Actions, do not want a secret Dignity. Private Persons may be as great and wise as Sovereigns: but they ought not to be so bold and ambitious: There are some Duties *common* to them both; there are *some* proper to them, each in *particular*.

When

When *Varro*, in the Judgment he gives of Poets, attributes Grandure to *Pacuvius*, and Mediocrity to *Terence*, he has no Deſign to prefer one to the other, nor to eſteem the Grand more than the Middling: He means only by theſe two Examples, to repreſent the Idea and Form of the two different Kinds of Poetry, *viz.* the Tragick and the Comick. He finds not the Coloſſus of a God more perfect than the Statue of a Man, but he diſtinguiſhes them by their eſſential Qualities. He gives us tacitly to underſtand, that Grandeur would be a Fault, if it was out of its Place; and that Comedy muſt not think it increaſes its Value, by aggrandizing itſelf, ſince Mediocrity has fallen to its Share; and that there is a Mediocrity all golden, all pure, all ſhining, and which Antiquity found in the Plays of *Terence*.

In Truth this Mediocrity we are ſpeaking of, coming from as good a Root as Grandeur, (ſince they both proceed from the ſame Origin, and from the ſame Principle of good Senſe) who can doubt that this noble Mediocrity ſhould taſte of the Place it ſprings from, and that in whatever it employs itſelf, it ſhould preſerve the Rights of its Dignity, or at leaſt the Air and Mien of its Birth? It loſes not its Honour by renouncing Vanity; nor is degraded from its Nobleneſs, for being familiar with the People, and for meddling with publick Affairs. It is not mean, becauſe it humbles itſelf: It goes on Foot, but it falls not in the Dirt.

Thus the middling Kind is on ſome Occaſions the perfect Kind, either in Poetry or in Proſe. And certainly *Pericles* himſelf, the ſublime, the Olympian *Pericles*, would agree with

us

us in this, that Eloquence ſhould not always be lofty, and that all its Actions muſt not be done with all its Force.

This *Pericles* was always a fine Speaker, but he was not always a rapid and impetuous Orator. He did not thunder to the People, when they were only debating about cleaning the Streets of the City, about rebuilding a Wall that had fallen down, or of taxing the Meats in Butchery. He did not mix Heaven with Earth, when he play'd with his Children, or talked to his Wife of the Management of his Family. Certainly a Calm ſucceeded the Tempeſt: He then ceaſed to be the *Jupiter* of the Republick. And even the true *Jupiter*, is he not called the Tranquil and ſerene in *Epick*, as well as the Cloud-Compeller and the Thunderer?

The

The Muſes are always Daughters of *Jupiter*; but they do not always ſing the Victory of their Father over the *Titans*, and are not always banqueting and in Ceremony with him. They will be always beautiful, Beauty never diſpleaſes or tires; but they are not always finely dreſſed; Care of this Kind looks ſuſpicious to thoſe who ſee it, and is troubleſome to thoſe who take it. They have their full Dreſſes, and their Dreſſes for every Day; nay, perhaps if ſome humourous, ſome wanton Poets were alive, they'd ſwear they had ſeen them dancing by Moon-light, in their Shifts and Under-petticoats.

After having dictated Oracles and inſpired Prophets, they compoſe Epigrams and Songs for drinking. *Thyrſis* learns from them, how to make Love to *Sylvia:* They are found at Weddings and at Wakes in the Village;

lage; but the Village for that Reaſon does not become a Court; Neatneſs is not called Magnificence; *Sylvia* is not changed into *Semiramis*; and the Wreaths of *Amaryllis* are not made of Diamonds and Rubies, they are compoſed of Roſes, Pinks and Jeſſamine.

Morality and Inſtruction ought to be diſtributed in the ſeveral Parts of the Comick Poem. They ought to ſpread themſelves in it ſoftly and inviſibly, as the Blood runs in the Veins of every Part of the Body; but they ought not to fling themſelves with Ardour and Impetuoſity, as the Blood *burſts out* of thoſe natural Canals. We muſt feel Inſtruction, but not ſee it: It muſt be in all the Parts of a Poem, but it muſt not ſhew itſelf; it muſt never ſay itſelf, I am here.

Every one has heard of Weapons covered with Myrtle, and of Men cloathed

cloathed like Women, who have formerly killed Tyrants. We muſt combat Vice in this Manner, and cover a courageous Deſign under an effeminate Appearance. Theſe are the Shifts, the Stratagems of Virtue.

There is a Sort of Medicine that cures the Body by nouriſhing it; there is another voluptuous Science, that purges with Perfumes and with Flowers. If it is poſſible Comedy ſhould act upon the Soul as finely and imperceptibly. Its Operations ought not to be leſs ſubtle nor leſs delicate. There muſt be Illuſions, Charms, Fraud and Deceit, in the Means it employs to arrive at its End.

Such ingenious, ſuch honeſt Deceit, is particularly Deceit, as it teaches without dogmatizing, and gives Leſſons, whilſt it tells Stories, as it diſguiſes Medicines in Food, and gives to Sauces and Ragouts the Virtue

tue of purging and curing. What honeſt Deceit is this! Thus to do Good when it does not promiſe to do it. To be a Phyſician, and to ſeem nothing more than a Cook; to hide the Health and Liberty of the Soul in Flowers, in Myrtle, and in Perfumes; to ſend thoſe away with Edification who came with the Expectation only of Pleaſure; to render them not only more ſatisfied and more joyful, but alſo better and more virtuous.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

Of Paſtoral.

PASTORAL Poetry may be either *Acted* or *Recited*. Its eſſential Object is a Country Life, repreſented with all its poſſible Charms. It is Simplicity of Manners, Neatneſs, natural Wit, the ſoft and eaſy Motions of the Paſſions. It is the faithful and tender Love of Shepherds, which produces *little Cares*, but not *Uneaſineſs*, which *exerciſes* the Heart, but does not *fatigue* it. In ſhort, it is that Happineſs which is joined to Liberty, and to the Life that knows no Ambition, Luxury, violent Paſſions, or Stings of Conſcience:

Hap-

Happy the Man, whoſe Wiſh and Care
A few paternal Acres bound,
Content to Breathe his native Air,
In his own Ground, POPE.

A Man naturally loves the Country; and in the Spring the moſt delicate fly to it.

Hîc ſecura quies, & neſcia fallere vita,
Dives opum variorum; hic latis otia fundis,
Speluncæ, vivique lacus; hic frigida Tempe,
Mugituſque Boum, molleſque ſub arbore ſomni.

Flowery Meads, the Shade of Groves, ſmiling Valleys, murmuring Streams, Birds, all theſe Objects have a natural Power over the human Heart. And when

when a Poet knows how, in an intereſting Action, to preſent us the Flower of theſe Objects, already charming in themſelves, and to paint, in lively Colours, a Life like to that of Shepherds; we think we enjoy their Happineſs with them: Let the Poet paint their *Griefs*, their *Cares*, their *Jealouſies*, their *Piques*; theſe Paſſions are innocent Sports, compared with thoſe which diſtract us. This is the Golden Age brought before us; and the Compariſon of their State with ours, purifies our Manners, and brings us inſenſibly back to the Taſte of Nature.

In this kind, as in others, there is a Point, below or beyond which you muſt not go. It is not ſufficient to ſpeak of *Rivulets*, *Sheep*, and *Colin*, you muſt have ſomething new and lively in the Idea, in the Plan, in the Action, in the Sentiments. If you

you are ſoft, and ſimple, you run the Riſk of being flat; and if you will have a certain Degree of Brightneſs, you go out of your Plan, and fall into Affectation. Give a Shepherdeſs no other flowery Garlands than thoſe of her own Meadows, no other Complexion but of the Lilly and the Roſe, and no other Mirrour but the clear Stream. Look at Nature, and there chuſe; ſhe is the Abridgment of all Precepts. Read the great Maſters: Read *Theocritus*, he'll give you the Model of Plainneſs; *Moſchus* and *Bion* that of Delicacy. *Virgil* will teach you, what Ornaments may be added to Simplicity. Or if you look for all theſe Beauties together read *Pope*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

Of the Apologue or *Fable.*

APOLOGUE or *Fable* is the Spectacle of Children. It differs from the others only in the Quality of the Actors. We ſee not, on this little Stage, *Alexanders* or *Cæſars*; but the *Fly* and the *Ant*, who play Mankind in their Way, and which gives us a Comedy, more pure, and perhaps more inſtructive, than thoſe Actors with a human Figure.

Imitation carries its Rules in this Kind, as well as in the others. We ſuppoſe only that every thing in Nature is endowed with the Gift of Speech. This Suppoſition has much of

of Truth in it; ſince there is nothing in Nature which does not at leaſt make itſelf underſtood to the Eyes, and which does not convey as diſtinct Ideas to a wiſe Underſtanding, as if it made itſelf underſtood to the Ears.

Upon this Principle, the Inventors of Fable have preſumed that we ſhould eaſily allow them to give Diſcourſe and Thoughts to *Animals*, who having nearly the ſame Organs as ourſelves ſeem, perhaps dumb to us, only becauſe we don't underſtand their Language; then to *Trees*, which, having Life, have readily had Sentiments given them by the Poets; and in ſhort to every thing that exiſts in the Univerſe. We not only ſee the *Wolf* and the *Lamb*, the *Oak* and the *Bulruſh*, but alſo the *Iron-Pot* and the *Earthen Pot* play their Parts.

All the Rules of the Fable are contained in thoſe of the Epick

and

and the Drama. Change the Names, and the Toad that ſwells itſelf, becomes, if you pleaſe, a *Cæſar*, whoſe Ambition makes him periſh, or the firſt Man, who is degraded, for wanting to be like a God:

——————— *mutato nomine, de te Fabula narratur.*

You muſt not lift yourſelf above your Condition: This is a Maxim neceſſary to be taught to Children, to the People, to Kings, to all Mankind. Wiſdom, by the Help of Poetry, takes every Shape to inſinuate itſelf: and as Taſtes are different, according to the Age or Condition; it *ſports* with Children: it *laughs* with the Populace: It *talks* authoritatively to Kings: It joins the uſeful to the agreeable, to allure thoſe to it, who love Pleaſure alone, and to recompenſe ſuch as have

have no other view, but to inſtruct themſelves.

CHAP. XXI.

Of LYRICK POETRY.

THE other Kinds of Poetry have *Actions* for their principal Object: *Lyrick Poetry* is all conſecrated to the Sentiments; this is its Matter to work on, and its eſſential Object. Let it riſe itſelf like a Stream of Fire, let it inſinuate itſelf by Degrees, and warm us without Noiſe, let it be a Butterfly, an Eagle, a Bee, 'tis always the Sentiment that guides.

As in the Epick and Dramatick Poetry, where Actions are to be painted, the Poet ought to repreſent the

Things to himſelf ſtrongly, and in a lively Manner in his Mind, and immediately to take the Pencil; in the *Lyrick*, which is intirely given up to the Sentiment; he ought to warm his Heart, and then ſnatch up the Lyre. If he would compoſe an elevated Lyrick, he muſt raiſe a great Fire. That Fire muſt be ſlower, if he would have only moderate Sounds. If the Sentiments are not true and real, that is to ſay, if the Poet is not really in the Situation which produces the Sentiments he has Occaſion for; he muſt excite in himſelf, ſuch as are *like* the true, and which anſwer to the Quality of the Object. And when he is arrived at his proper Degree of Heat, then let him ſing; he is then inſpired. This is what all the Poets do; they begin with ſtringing their Lyre, and then ſtrike off the Tune.

There is a Sort of *Ode*, which may be called *Philoſophical* or *Moral.* It is that where the Poet ſtruck with the Beauty of Virtue, or frightened at the Deformity of Vice, abandons himſelf to the Tranſports of Love, or Hatred, which theſe Objects give Birth to.

Integer Vitæ, ſceleriſque purus
Non eget Mauri jaculis neque arcu,
Nec venenatis gravidâ ſagittis,
Fuſce Pharetrâ, &c.

Non poſſidentem multa vocaveris
Rectè beatum. Rectiùs occupat
Nomen beati, qui Deorum
Muneribus ſapienter uti,
Duramque callet Pauperiem pati,
Pejuſque Letho Flagitium timet, &c.

There is another Sort which is called *Heroick*, in which the Glory of ſome great Hero is to be celebrated.

From this the Grecian *Glory roſe,*
By this the Romans *aw'd their Foes:*
Of this their Poets ſing.
Theſe were the Paths their Heroes trod,
Theſe Acts made Hercules a God;
And great Naſſau *a King.*

A third Kind is devoted to *Love*, *Wit*, *Humour*, &c. ſuch are the Anacreontick, and moſt of our *Engliſh* Songs.

But the higheſt Kind of Odes are the ſacred; 'tis the Expreſſion of the Heart, which admires with Tranſport the Grandeur, Omnipotence and infinite Goodneſs of the ſupreme Being, and which cries out in its Enthuſiaſm: *Cæli enarrant Gloriam Dei, & operâ ejus annuntiat Firmamentum.*

I.

The ſpacious Firmament on high,
With all the blue Etherial Sky,

And

And ſpangled Heavens, a ſhining Frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
Th' unwearied Sun, from Day to Day,
Does his Creator's Pow'r diſplay,
And publiſhes to ev'ry Land
The Work of an Almighty Hand.

II.

Soon as the Ev'ning Shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous Tale,
And nightly to the liſtning Earth
Repeats the Story of her Birth:
Whilſt all the Stars that round her burn,
And all the Planets in their Turn,
Confirm the Tidings as they roll,
And ſpread the Truth from Pole to Pole.

III.

What though, in ſolemn Silence, all
Move round the dark Terreſtrial Ball?
What though nor real Voice nor Sound
Amid their radiant Orbs be found?

In Reaſons Ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious Voice,
For ever ſinging, as they ſhine,
" *The Hand* that made us is Divine.

ADDISON.

CHAP. XXII.

The Union of the POLITE ARTS.

ALTHOUGH Poetry, Muſick, and Dancing ſeparate themſelves ſometimes from one another, to follow the Taſte and Inclination of Men; nevertheleſs as Nature has created the Principles to be united, and to concur to one ſame End, which is to convey our Sentiments and Ideas into the Mind and Heart of thoſe to whom

whom we communicate them; theſe Arts have never more Charms than when they are reunited: *Cum valeant multum* verba per ſe & vox *propriam vim adjiciat rebus*, & geſtus motuſque *ſignificet aliquid, profectò perfectum quiddam, cum omnia coierint fieri neceſſe eſt.* Quintil. X. 3.

Thus when Artiſts ſeparate theſe three Arts, to cultivate each in particular with more Care; they ſhould never loſe Sight of the firſt Inſtitution of Nature, nor think that they can intirely be abſtracted from each other. They ought to be united, Nature demands it, Taſte exacts it; but how, and upon what Condition? It is a Combination, of which this is the Baſis, and the principal Articles.

It is of the different Arts, when they join to treat of the ſame Subject, as it is of the different Parts, which

are found in a Subject treated of by a ſingle Art: There ought to be a principal one for the moſt diſtant Parts. When Poets and Painters repreſent an Action, they place a principal Actor in it, whom they call the *Hero*, by Way of Excellence. It is this Hero that is placed in the moſt advantagious Light; he is the principal Part, and is the Life and Soul of all that moves about him. What a Multitude of Warriors in the Iliad! What different Parts in *Diomed*, *Ulyſſes*, *Ajax*, *Hector*, &c. there is not one but has ſome Relation to *Achilles*. They are Steps which the Poet has prepared, to elevate our Ideas to the ſublime Valour of his principal Hero: The Interval would have been leſs ſenſible, if it had not been meaſured by that Kind of Gradation of Heroes, and the Idea of *Achilles* leſs great and leſs perfect without the Compariſon. The

The Arts united ought to be the ſame as Heroes. One alone ſhould excel, and the others remain in the ſecond Rank. If Poetry ſhews a Spectacle, Muſick and Dancing * may appear with it, but it muſt only be to ſet it off, and to mark more ſtrongly the Ideas and Sentiments contained in the Verſes. It muſt not be that fine Set Muſick, nor that ſtudied Geſture which would darken the Poetry, and would rob it of one Part of the Spectator's Attention; but an Inflexion of Voice always ſimple, and regulated on the ſingle Occaſion and Want of the Words; a Movement of the Body, always natural, and which ſeems to borrow nothing from Art.

If it is *Muſick* that appears, that alone has a Right to ſhew all its

* Dancing here ſignifies nothing but the Art of Geſture.

Beauties. The Stage is then in *its* Poſſeſſion. Poetry has the ſecond Rank, and Dancing the third. It is no longer thoſe pompous and magnificent Verſes, thoſe daring Deſcriptions, thoſe glittering Images; it is a Poetry ſimple, natural, and that runs with Softneſs and Negligence, which lets the Words fall. The Reaſon of this is, that the Verſes ſhould *follow* the Tune and not *precede* it. The Words, in ſuch a Caſe, although made before the Muſick, are only like ſo many Strokes of Force which they give to the muſical Expreſſion, to render the Senſe more neat and intelligible. We may obſerve here, that the moſt beautiful Verſes are not thoſe which bear Muſick beſt, it is the moſt moving.

Dancing is ſtill modeſter than Poetry: This is in Meaſure, but the Geſture does almoſt no more for Muſick;

ſick, than what it has already done for the Drama; and if it ſhews itſelf in Muſick with more Force, it is becauſe there is more Paſſion in Muſick than in Poetry, and conſequently more Matter to exerciſe it, ſince, as we have ſaid before, Geſture and the Tone of Voice are conſecrated in an eſpecial Manner to our Sentiments.

In ſhort, if 'tis Dancing that preſides, Muſick muſt not ſhine ſo as to prejudice it, but only lend its Aſſiſtance, to mark with more Preciſion its Motion and its Character. The Violin and the Dancer muſt form a Concert: and though the Violin goes firſt, it ought only to be conſidered as an Attendant on the other. The Subject belongs by Right to the Dancer. If he is either guided or followed, he has always the principal Rank, and nothing ſhould obſcure him.

It belongs to Poetry, Muſick, and Dancing, to preſent us the Images of Actions, and the Human Paſſions; but to Architecture, Painting and Sculpture, to prepare the Place and Scene of the Spectacle: And they ought to do it in ſuch a Manner, as anſwers to the Dignity of the Actors, and the Quality of the Subjects they embrace. The Gods inhabit *Omypus*, Kings their Palaces, the Citizen lives in his Houſe, and the Shepherd ſits in the Shade of Trees. Architecture muſt form theſe Places, and embelliſh them by the Help of Painting and Sculpture. All the Univerſe belongs to the polite Arts. They can diſpoſe of all the Riches of Nature. But they ought to make Uſe of them according to the Laws of Decency. Every Dwelling ſhould be the Image of him that inhabits it, of his Dignity, of his Fortune, of his Taſte.

This

This is the Rule that ought to guide Arts in the Conſtruction and adorning of Places. *Ovid* could not make the Palace of the Sun too brilliant, nor *Milton* the Garden of *Eden* too delicious: But this Magnificence would be condemnable, even in a King, becauſe it is above his Condition.

Singula quæque locum teneant ſortita decenter.

CHAP. XXIII.

Of ELOQUENCE.

ECLAT does not always preſuppoſe Solidity, and often thoſe Expreſſions that glitter moſt, have the leaſt Weight. Flowery Expreſſions

ſions, fine turn'd Periods, dazling and uncommon Metaphors, all theſe may be in a Diſcourſe, and yet not make what we call Eloquence. They may pleaſe, but are of no Uſe; They cannot be called Eloquence.

This Eloquence of Shew and Vanity was current, when *Greece* was in Slavery, when Peace and War were no longer in its Diſpoſal, and having no grand Affairs to buſy it, ſomething was ſought after to divert its Sloth. Moſt of the Sophiſts, whoſe Lives are wrote by *Philoſtratus* and *Eunapius*, made Uſe of this Sort of Eloquence, in the Midſt of the publick Parts of the City, and entertained the Paſſers by, who aſſembled themſelves there, with certain vague Diſcourſes, in which there was no better Deſign than to talk.

Theſe Diſcourſes were filled with all that the Orator poſſeſſed himſelf, and

and all that he could borrow. He did not leave out one Gaiety, nor a ſingle Affectation in Logick: In ten Words, he employed twelve Figures, he puffed up his Matter with common Place, and with Things a hundred Times made Uſe of. To avoid Poverty of Expreſſion, he became idly luxuriant. All his Locutions were pompous and magnificent. But this Magnificence was very remote from the Sobriety, Majeſty and Modeſty of the Oratorial Style.

We may very well venture to ſay then, that true Eloquence is very different from this Pratler, and that its Style is greatly diſtant from the ambitious Jargon of the *Greek* Sophiſts. Let us ſay, that it is an Eloquence of Affairs and Service, born to Command and to Sovereignty, all efficacious and full of Force. Let us ſay that it acts, if poſſible, by Speech, more

more than it ſpeaks; that it not only gives its Works a Face, Grace and Beauty, like *Phidias*, but alſo Motion, Life and Soul, like *Dedalus*.

It does not amuſe itſelf in gathering Flowers, and in tying them together: But Flowers grow in its Footſteps, as well as in the Footſteps of Goddeſſes. In looking another Way, in doing another Thing, it produces them, its Air is rather that of an Amazon than of a Coquet; and even Negligence has ſome Merit in it, and does no Hurt to its Dignity. It does not always however deſpiſe the Care of adorning itſelf, when there is Occaſion; though it is leſs curious in its Ornaments, than in its Arms; and aims more at winning the Soul for ever, by a compleat Victory, than to debauch it for a few Hours, by a light Gratification.

It

It is this that obliges it never to ſeek for effeminate Trills and meaſured Softneſs in Diſcourſes, like to that vicious Novelty the firſt Sages complained of, which corrupted the Vigour of Muſick, and preferred Lightneſs to Gravity.

It is true the Paſſions are not always to be ſtirred with Violence; they muſt be ſometimes touched with Delicacy. We don't kiſs with the ſame Force that we ſtrike: We muſt not tickle with Thorns, and wound with Points, Souls already wounded by Sadneſs. All Machines are not to beat down and level with the Earth: There are ſome to lift up and ſuſtain. All Motions are not rapid and impetuous: There are ſome eaſy and temperate. Harmony, which is only a groſs Image of Eloquence, knows how to awaken and to lull: It is capable of exciting Emotion, and of ſooth-

ſoothing the moved Part to Reſt; The Uſe of Drums and Trumpets, do not exclude the Uſe of the Flute and Violin.

A Man, 'tis true, muſt ſtudy diligently to arrive at this Perfection of Eloquence, but he muſt have the Seeds of it implanted in his Nature: They muſt be born with him, before Study can be of any Service. In Eloquence, as well as in War, there is Occaſion for Strength and Courage, as well as Arms and Addreſs. I do not deny that this Addreſs is neceſſary; and true Eloquence ſhould certainly receive Inſtruction from true Philoſophy. Our Orator muſt be brought up under the Diſcipline of *Ariſtotle*.

This ſovereign Artiſt will diſcover to him the different Avenues to the Seat of Reaſon, and the Fort and Feeble of the Human Mind. By the Me-

Method and Addreſs that he gives him, he will find out the Parts of the Soul that are pregnable; and the Means to form Knowledge from thence can never fail him. He'll know how to irritate and to moderate the Paſſions, as there is Occaſion to elevate or depreſs Courage. He'll make the Underſtanding ſubmit to the Force of Reaſoning, and will carry away the Appetite by the Violence of Figures.

I don't deny but *Ariſtotle* will do all this; but *Ariſtotle* can do nothing without the Stars. He can work only after Heaven; and certainly there muſt be ſomething inſpired and heavenly, that intervenes in Eloquence, to excite thoſe Tranſports, and that Admiration which it aims at. A great Mind muſt be born, and a great Judgment with it to keep it in order, be-

before *Ariſtotle* can have the leaſt Succeſs.

The Expreſſions in Eloquence are not mere Noiſe, ſimple Sounds that ſtrike the Air, and that are loſt, after having given Pleaſure for a Moment. They are not light and tranſitory: They laſt after the Sound; they live in the moſt treacherous Memories; they make way into the moſt ſecret Part of Man; they ſink to the Bottom of the Heart; they pierce to the Center of the Soul, there they mingle themſelves, and ſtir the moſt interior Thoughts and Motions. They are no longer the Words of him tha ſpeaks or writes. They are the Sentiments of thoſe that hear or read. They are Expreſſions (if I may dare ſay ſo) ſo contagious, ſo penetrating, and ſo tenacious, that they attach themſelves inſeparably to the ſtrange Perſon that receives them, and

and become Part of the Soul of an other.

In this Manner Eloquence expreſſes itſelf: Such *Greece* formerly ſaw it, when *Greece* lived at Liberty, and when the Power of *Rome* had not ſunk its Genius with its Courage. In this Manner, and by Efforts more than human, it forced the Conſent of Princes and Republicks, and ſubmitted to Reaſon the moſt rude and obſtinate Diſpoſitions.

Inſtances of the Triumphs of Eloquence are very numerous: That of *Cicero* over *Julius Cæſar*, in the Affair of King *Deiotarus* is well known. I will mention one nearer our own Times.

Whenever Pope *Paul* ſaw that incomparable Cardinal, that reconciled the King of *France* with the Church, coming into his Room, he was uſed to cry out, " God Almighty certain-

" ly

" ly inſpires this Man, for he is ſure " to perſuade me to whatever he " pleaſes".

After ſeeing ſuch an Inſtance, may we not aſk on which Side the Superiority lay, and which was truly the Sovereign? He that feared, or he that was feared; the Pope with his three Crowns, who acknowledg'd the abſolute Power of one of his Subjects; or that Subject, who without any viſible Sceptre or material Crown, exerciſed an abſolute Power even in the Chamber of his Prince?

Though we have hitherto only mentioned the Wars of Wit, and ſedentary Battles, the *Brave* muſt not think, that the Quality we are treating of, is unworthy of their Profeſſion; and that we mean to confine it to the Senate and to the Gentlemen of the long Robe. Its Uſe is not reſtrained to certain Places, and to a ſmall

ſmall Number of Occaſions: It is neceſſary at any Time, and takes Place in a Campaign as well as in the Cabinet.

If there is any Inſtrument in the World proper to move an Infinity of People at once, and to animate with the ſame Spirit thoſe prodigious Crowds, compoſed of different Humours, Nations and Capacities, it is certainly this. But if it is believed that from certain brazen Tubes, and ſtrong extended Skins, there proceeds a *Je ne ſçai quoy* that encourages the Soul; can the Virtue of thoſe rational and intelligent Trumpets; of thoſe wiſe and judicious Organs, which are heard before Battles be doubted? And who would not prefer ſuch honeſt Artifices, to thoſe groſs and material Means which are made Uſe of to rouſe the Spirits about the

the Heart, and to warm the Blood in the Veins.

Cries and Shouts are uſeful in War. Shall Eloquence then be uſeleſs? Let us rather ſhew that it is uſeful ſeveral Ways, and that many conſiderable Advantages are drawn from it. It appeaſes Seditions, and it prevents them; it inſpires Boldneſs in the Timid; it augments Courage in the Valiant; it ſoftens the Fatigue to the Delicate, by the Repreſentation of Glory; it leſſens the Danger by the mean Opinion it gives of the Enemy; it aggrandiſes Rewards by the Hopes of more; and with eight Pence a Day, gives every Soldier the Reſolution of a General. In ſhort, it intreats, it promiſes, it praiſes, it blames, it threatens, till it is ſure of every Heart, and has all the Certainty of Victory, that can poſſibly be had before the Fight begins.

The

The Ancients made great Uſe of this, and even our Age, which has loſt ſo many other laudable Cuſtoms, has not always forgot this. And without making a tireſome Enumeration of Examples from Modern Hiſtory, did not *Henry* the Great harangue on ſeveral Occaſions, and harangue with great Efficacy, not that he ſubmitted ſcrupulouſly to the Precepts of Rhetorick, nor that he acted the Orator inſtead of the General. He contented himſelf, with ſaying to his Army before a Battle, "Do as I ſhall do;" and perhaps there is more Virtue in theſe few Words, than in the moſt laboured Harangue of all Antiquity. His Style did not lull thoſe it was deſigned to excite. It was neither languiſhing nor tender, like the Stile of *Aſia*; It was bold and deciſive, like that of *Lacedemon*.

As for the great *Guſtavus*, it is no Wonder, that the Fire of which his Soul was compoſed, glittered in every Action that proceeded from it, that coming from his Mouth, it made itſelf principally felt, and that it fired the Hearts of his Soldiers. But as he had added to the Advantages of his Birth, a Multitude of acquired Qualifications and Virtues; and by the Knowledge of Languages, and the Study of Books, had fortified his Reaſon by all thoſe of others, beſides Military Eloquence, which ſeeks not much Pomp and Ceremony, he poſſeſſed in an eminent Degree the Political Eloquence, which wants more Dignity and Ornament.

When he was in very good Humour in Company, he related as the greateſt Actions of his Life, the Defeat of Count *De Tilly* in War, and that of the Elector of *Saxony* at Table. Thus

Thus the Eloquence of *Guſtavus* ſucceeded jointly with his Arms, and laboured on his Side to the *Ruin* of Tyranny. By the Charms of his Words he changed the *Imperialiſts* into *Swedes*, he gave a new Face to the World, he altered the bad Diſpoſition of ſome, he ſoftened the inflexible Obſtinacy of others, he confirmed the Good, he ſuccoured the Weak, he engaged the Indifferent.

Were not theſe Miracles of Language, and Maſterpieces of Human Underſtanding? Was not this the Empire of Reaſon, uſurped by a *Barbarian*, and the Thunders of *Athens* breaking from a Cloud in the North? This was to *reign*, this was to *conquer*: Two Words, which will always put the World in Mind of two victorious Kings, *Henry* the Great, and the great *Guſtavus*.

CHAP. XXIV.

Of ARCHITECTURE.

WHAT has been ſaid of Eloquence, may with great Propriety be applied to Architecture. "Eclat does not always preſuppoſe Solidity, and often thoſe Expreſſions that glitter moſt have the leaſt Weight. A Man need only look round on the Buildings of moſt of our modern Architects, to ſee the Force of this Axiom. They have run into the ſame Abſurdities which we complained of in the *Greek* Sophiſts; they ſtudy foppiſh and effeminate Ornaments,

ments, inſtead of Grandeur and Simplicity.

Mr. *Freart* has a very pretty Obſervation relating to theſe two different Kinds of Architecture. *I am obſerving*, (ſays he) *a Thing, which, in my Opinion, is very curious, whence it proceeds, that in the ſame Quantity of Superficies, the one* Manner *ſeems great and magnificent, and the other poor and trifling; the Reaſon is fine and uncommon. I ſay then, that to introduce into Architecture this Grandeur of Manner, we ought ſo to proceed, that the Diviſion of the principal Members of the Order may conſiſt but of few Parts, that they be all great, and of a bold and ample Relievo and Swelling; and that the Eye, beholding nothing little and mean, the Imagination may be more vigorouſly touched and affected with the Work that ſtands before it. For Example, in a Cornice,*

if the Gola or Cynatium of the Corona, the Coping, the Modilions or Dentilli, make a noble Shew, by their graceful Projections, if we ſee none of that ordinary Confuſion, which is the Reſult of thoſe little Cavities, Quarter Rounds of the Aſtrigal, and I know not how many other intermingled Particulars, which produce no Effect in great and maſſy Works, and which very unprofitably take up Place, to the Prejudice of the principal Member: It is moſt certain, that this Manner will appear ſolemn and great; as on the contrary, that it will have but a poor and mean Effect, where there is a Redundancy of thoſe ſmaller Ornaments, which divide and ſcatter the Angles of the Sight into ſuch a Multitude of Rays, ſo preſſed together, that the whole will appear but a Confuſion.

Theſe falſe Beauties in Architecture prevail very much in our Times; and

and very few have Genius and Taſte enough to ſee the Abſurdity of them.

This Architecture ſuſtaining itſelf only by Appearance, being animated only by Colour; it acts principally upon the Minds of the Vulgar, becauſe the Underſtanding of the Vulgar lies principally in their Eyes. For Want of Reaſon and Authority, it makes Uſe of Charms and Flattery. It is quite void of every Thing that is eſſential, and ſpeaks, (if we may ſo ſay) only in a pretty and cajoling Tone. Its Beauties are more delicate than ſtrong; and having their Power very much limited, they go no farther than the external Senſe, or at moſt, only play upon the Surface of the Soul.

But we expect ſomething very different from this in true Architecture; we expect Majeſty, Simplicity and

Harmony; We expect Beauty, but a Beauty full of good Senſe; we expect Grace, but Grace full of Dignity, Softneſs, but Softneſs full of Energy.

The Secret of doing all this muſt be born with a Man, it cannot be acquired; Precepts are uſeleſs to him, without a happy Genius; it was not to Books, it was to Nature we are indebted for a *Palladio*, a *Jones*, and a *Cambel*.

Study finiſhes an Architect, but good Senſe is the Foundation. Care and Meditation, we muſt confeſs, when they are ſedulous and continual, are capable of ſuccouring the Weakneſs of Nature, of mending the Flaws of Human Infirmity, of clearing the Works of the Underſtanding from the Droſs of Matter, of effacing all the Faults, all the Imperfections, either of the Work, or the Artiſt. It is cer-

certain, when this Meditation is violent and well directed, it diſcovers in the Soul hidden Treaſures, awakens ſlumbering Knowledge, exerciſes neglected Skill, adds Richneſs to Grandeur, Fertility to ſolid Senſe, and Choice to Fertility.

There is certainly nothing more true than this. A Man who has ſeen and heard a long Time, with Deſign and Attention, who has made divers Reflexions upon univerſal Truths, who has conſidered ſeriouſly the Principles and Concluſions of every Science, who has fortified his natural Genius with a Thouſand Rules, and a Thouſand Examples, who has nouriſhed himſelf with the Subſtance and Quint eſſence of good Books; a Man, I ſay, ſo qualified, has enough to reflect on; and having ſo much Matter to build on, he has great Advantages when he builds; no one can think

think it ſtrange, that from ſuch an Infinity of high and uncommon Knowledge, there ſpring and flouriſh the various Graces of Building, as from their proper Stem and Root.

But all this Art, and all this Knowledge do not ſuffice to make a true Architect, if they are planted in heavy Underſtandings, and in Heads ſteril by Nature. As it is not the Armourers and Victuallers of an Army that fight the Enemy, and win Battles, ſo it is not the Studiers of *Vitruvius*, and the Imitators of *Palladio* that charm the Eyes, attack and carry away the Soul.

Had Architecture been in the ſame State formerly that it is now, the Philoſopher who placed Eloquence among the voluptuous Parts of Knowledge, would with as much Reaſon have placed this. They would have driven

driven it with a great Deal of Juſtice from the Republick of *Sparta*, and from every other well poliſhed State; perhaps they would have thought no more of it, than of the Art of making Sweetmeats, which has for Object the Pleaſure of Taſte, or that Art which flatters another Senſe, and works at the Compoſition of Perfumes.

But it ſhould not be ſo in true Architecture: We muſt preſerve in every Thing the Grandeur of its End, and the Dignity of its Uſe. The Bleſſings of the Mind were not beſtowed ſolely for the Pleaſure of the Body; the Gratification of the Eyes is indeed more than nothing, but it is not all. Architecture is not a Spectacle for the Careleſs, and the Paſtime of the Common People. An Architect is ſomething more than a Mountebank and a Rope-Dancer.

An

An Architect ſhould preſerve his Dignity, he muſt not trifle and play Tricks, he muſt be in earneſt, he muſt not be gay, he muſt be ſerious.

We'll exemplify the Want of Taſte and Judgment in ſome of our principal Buildings.

Sir *Chriſtopher Wren*, with all the Advantages of Geometry, and indeed of fine Parts, has erred extremely. The great Solidity of *Temple-bar* is over the Opening. In the Walks of the Royal Exchange, he placed Pillars at unwarrantable Diſtances, which Pillars were invented only to carry an Entablature, but to encreaſe the Abſurdity, he has loaded them with a heavy Wall. To theſe Faults, he has added that of *Temple-Bar*, by placing the ſolid Part over a very wide Opening. It may be alledged, that it was neceſſary to make ſo wide

an

an Opening; but no Reaſon can be given for putting the Tower on the Middle of it. Does it not ſeem as if it would fall through? Sir *Chriſtopher* has built the Tower indeed of Wood painted like Stone, but is this Taſte? Does this pleaſe the Eye? Does this ſatisfy the Judgment? Let us examine his greater Work, which is St. *Paul*'s Cathedral, and compare it with *Inigo Jones*'s Deſigns for *Whitehall*. In thoſe Deſigns take the ſmalleſt Part ſeparately, conſider it, and you'll find it can be no other than Part of a great Deſign. By this Criterion examine St. *Paul*'s, and you can never imagine what Building the particular Part belongs to: For Inſtance, take the upper Portico in the Front, which ends with a proper Pediment. Would any Man who conſiders this ſeparately, think it to be

be any Thing but the Front of a beautiful *Vitruvian* Temple? St. *Peter*'s Church at *Rome* conſiſts of three Iſles, (as St. *Paul*'s does:) The middle one is the whole Length of the Building, whoſe Heighth and Breadth are well proportioned to the Length; but the Side Iſles being narrow and lower, end at thé Cupola. But Sir *Chriſtopher* has carried his Side Iſles the whole Length; and has added another Abſurdity, by dividing the Columns, which carry the Cupola into eight, which has taken off the real and apparent Solidity: The *real* certainly for one of theſe Pillars was cruſhed and ſhivered, before the Building was finiſhed. I'll mention one Building more very well known, *viz. Ranelagh* Amphitheatre. The Architect in this, has copied the Inſide of an *Ægyptian* Court, of *Inigo Jones*'s de-

deſigning: This Court, as being expoſed to the Weather, was very judiciouſly adorned with Ruſtick and Froſt Work. But our Imitator, in the moſt ridiculous Manner, has put this Ruſtick and Froſt Work in the Inſide of his great Room, and on the Outſide has placed plain Pilaſters.

Delphinum Sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.

We ſhall cloſe this Chapter with mentioning a Building which has none of the Abſurdities we have been ſpeaking of, a Building worthy the higheſt Admiration.

Covent-Garden Church has nothing magnificent in it but four *Tuſcan* Columns; and to make theſe agreeable to the plaineſt Building that ever was ſeen, the Architect has invented

ed a new Entablature of a plainer Kind.

In this Building we behold Harmony, Greatneſs of Style, Simplicity and Energy. This is a Temple fit for a God, a Temple in which (to make Uſe of the Words of ſome Antient) we almoſt forget the God, to adore the Artiſt.

FINIS.

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